

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE MAN WHO SAVED GERMANY BEFORE

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### THE MOSAICS OF SAINT SOPHIA

#### A NEW ART TREASURE FOR THE WORLD

Bringing It To Light After Five  
Hundred Years

#### FINE ACHIEVEMENT BY THE NEW TURKEY

There is good news from the ancient  
for the modern world of Art.

The great work of uncovering the  
mosaics in St Sophia, the marvellous  
church of Constantinople, is proceeding  
satisfactorily, and the work in the  
narthex (the outer porch) is actually  
complete. It is expected that before  
very long we shall know all about them.

#### Covered With Plaster

There may be an interval of about  
three months for a report to be drawn up  
by the Byzantine Institute of the  
United States, which has been doing the  
work, but we may look forward to the  
gift of a new art treasure to the world,  
one of the triumphant accomplishments  
of the New Turkey, though it may be  
a long time before the whole of the  
mosaics are seen.

St Sophia, the greatest church of  
the Byzantines, with its immense  
dome, was originally decorated richly  
with mosaics, but when it was con-  
verted into a mosque these beautiful  
mosaics were covered with plaster, for  
the Moslem faith prohibits the exhibition  
of figures.

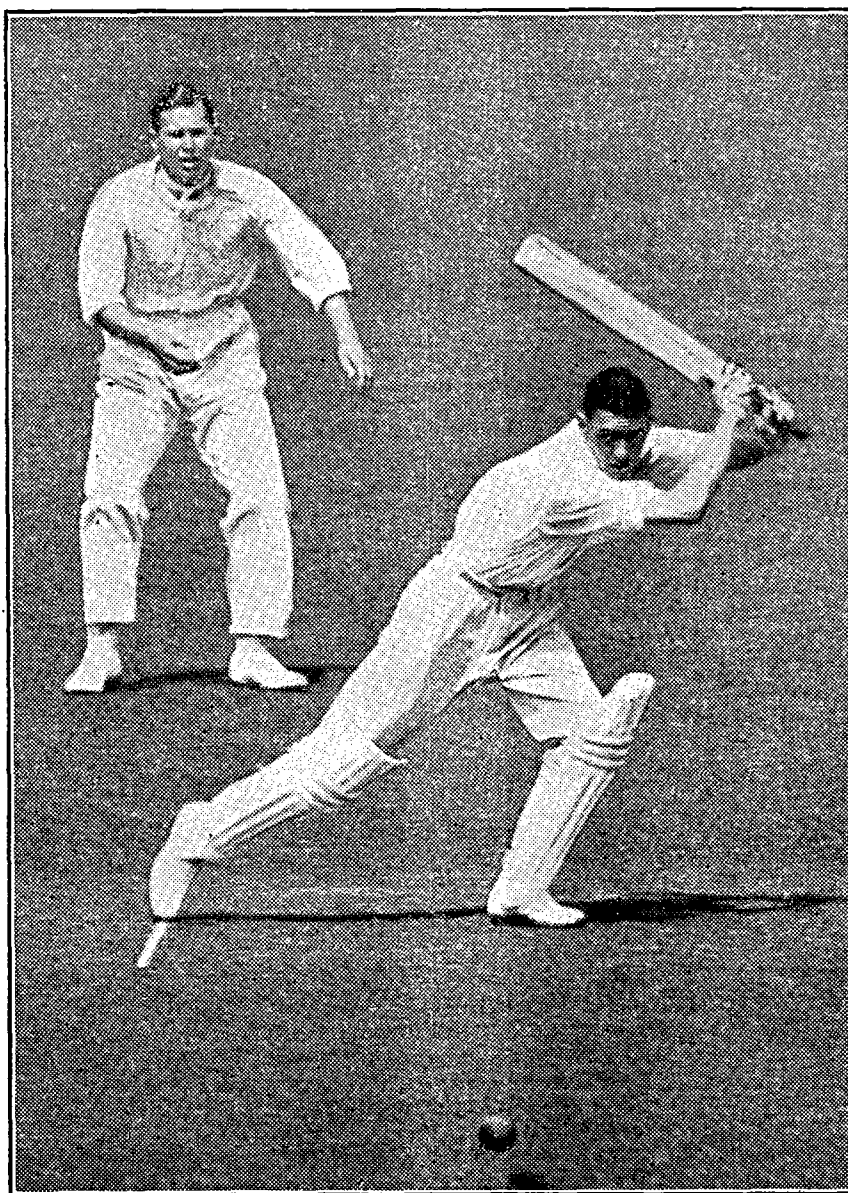
For five centuries they have been  
lost to the world; but an interesting  
development is now taking place. The  
Turkish Government has given per-  
mission for the long-lost mosaics to be  
uncovered, and the work of removing  
the plaster is almost complete.

#### Bright as Noonday

There is much mystery surrounding  
them. Archaeologists have long de-  
sired to be able to establish what they  
consist of, for there is no accurate  
record of them in existence. Byzantine  
writers refer to them as wonderful,  
bright as noonday, but give no details.  
Moreover, it is known that for over a  
century no figures were to be seen in the  
mosaics, during which time the cross  
was the predominating emblem; and  
that later figures were again restored  
and re-dedicated with much ceremonial  
in 842 A.D. Even when, about the  
middle of last century, some of the  
plaster fell off and an Italian expert  
was called in to cover up the mosaics  
again, no accurate account was left of  
what was then disclosed.

Authorities on the subject are, there-  
fore, much in the dark as to what will  
be discovered as the work progresses,  
as well as to the condition of preserva-  
tion in which the mosaics will be found.  
It is not known whether the original  
mosaics were removed and replaced

### Well Hit, Sir



All too soon the cricket season is coming to an end, and the winter games of football and hockey will be in full swing before summer has really gone. In this picture Sims, the promising young Middlesex player, is seen hitting a ball to the boundary.

when figures gave place to crosses, or  
whether the crosses were superimposed,  
leaving the figures intact below. The  
same applies to the restoration of the  
9th century.

The work involved is of a most  
delicate character. The permit has  
been granted to the American archaeolo-  
gists, who are employing mosaic experts  
from Venice, as only men of lifelong  
experience can handle these millions  
of little pieces without doing irreparable  
damage. There is no attempt at the  
restoration of the original; whatever is  
uncovered will be left for the moment as  
found, so that it may be studied.

The world of Art has long dreamed of  
gazing on these wonders of Byzantium.  
One of those curious turns in the  
cycle of human affairs has made possible  
what, seemingly, was impossible. The  
State can now see its way to allow  
this work to be done, and by so doing  
will possess, in St Sophia restored, a still  
greater magnet to attract tourists to

Constantinople from all corners of the  
globe. It is hoped that, if all goes well,  
it may be possible to re-establish the  
ancient glory of the interior of this  
famous church, which has survived  
countless vicissitudes and the ravages  
of time for fourteen centuries.

#### FEWER LAND WORKERS

The agricultural area of England and  
Wales continues to shrink, and the  
number of agricultural workers to fall.

The returns made for June show that  
the land under crops and grass fell by  
84,000 acres to 25,199,000 acres; the  
cultivated acreage by 220,000 acres;  
and the number of agricultural workers  
by 19,500, following the reduction of  
25,200 shown last year.

The wheat acreage rose by 95,000  
acres, but the increase was more than  
set off by the fall in other corn crops.

Livestock, apart from horses, showed  
increase, there being a gain in the number  
of cattle, sheep, and pigs.

### THE OLD VICAR

#### 77 YEARS IN ONE PULPIT

#### Fine Records of Long Service in the Church of England

#### 60 TIMES 60

Many readers of the C.N. have sent  
letters giving the records of long service  
by a vicar or rector in his church. We  
have received over 60 names of men who  
served one church for over 60 years,  
and in this number are ten who have  
served for 70 years and more.

When we remember that no man can  
become an ordained clergyman of the  
Church of England until he is 24 it is  
wonderful how many there are, though  
the life of happiness they lead (a happi-  
ness that comes from helping other  
people) undoubtedly makes for long  
years and vigorous old age.

The Editor of the C.N. has written  
to the successors of all who were claimed  
by our readers as having served for  
over 70 years, and the replies he has  
received have shown how well these good  
men are remembered and how their  
good deeds have lived after them.

#### Richard Sherington of Folkestone

The Register of the parish church at  
Folkestone confirms the 77 years that  
Richard Sherington served as vicar  
from 1524 to 1601, and the prize of one  
guinea is being sent to Albert Robinson,  
of 47, Union Street, Leyland, who first  
sent us word about it.

A rector whom people still living  
remember was the next on our list.  
He was Bartholomew Edwards, who  
baptised his first baby at Ashill in  
Norfolk in August, 1813, and died there  
in February 1889, missing his century  
by only eight days.

It is strange to think that he cele-  
brated in his church the victory of  
Waterloo, the accessions of three sove-  
reigns, and the Jubilee of one of them.  
He restored Ashill Church, and the  
rector writes that it was beautifully done.

#### The Old Age Pensioner

Another veteran was W. W. Wingfield,  
vicar of Gulval, near Penzance, from  
1839 to 1913. His friend and con-  
temporary was H. M. Sherwood, vicar  
of White Ladies Aston, near Worcester,  
from 1839 to 1910, when he resigned and  
lived two more years, to be buried at 98  
in his old churchyard. Before he died  
an old man he had baptised came to ask  
him to sign his certificate in order that  
he might obtain his Old Age Pension.

Alexander Fownes Luttrell, rector  
of East Quantoxhead in Somerset  
from 1817 to 1888; John Birch Rey-  
nardson, rector of Careby in Lincoln-  
shire from 1844 to 1914; and John  
Healey Bromby, vicar of Holy Trinity,  
Hull from 1797 to 1867, are also among  
those who completed 70 years' service  
in the same church.

The extra prize of ten shillings has  
been sent to Mr Burnett, 161, Stretford  
Road, Urmston.



## AN IDEA FROM PAPUA

### A LITTLE PICTURE GALLERY OF STAMPS

Gabled Huts and Native Chiefs and Grand Gentlemen For You

#### WILL ST MARTIN'S FOLLOW?

Stamp collectors are getting pages in their albums ready for the new Papuan series that is to be issued.

For thirty years the stamps have shown the curious native boat, the lakatoi. Now 16 new stamps are promised, ranging from a halfpenny to a pound. They are to be produced by the Stamp Printer to the Commonwealth at Melbourne, and a very attractive series they make.

The description sounds much more like a page in a catalogue of pictures than a list of stamps. Here in England, where the monotony of design and lack of imagination in our stamps are most depressing, we think of them with envy, and ask all our friends who may drop in at New Guinea to write us often and be extravagant in the kind of stamps they use. Here is a good idea for St Martin's-le-Grand, whose stamps are everlastingly dull and unbeautiful.

#### In Party Dress

The pound Papuan stamp gives a picture of the little grass-thatched, gabled huts called pile dwellings. They are built on platforms set on forked tree trunks or piles about five feet high, driven into the sand, with a little ladder for the Papuan boy to run down to the sea or jump into his canoe. The cheapest, the halfpenny stamp, shows a girl of Port Moresby, where the British Government offices of New Guinea are.

The penny stamp shows the son of a native chief decked out for a party, and the threepenny stamp a grand native gentleman from Koitapua.

#### A House Like Wendy's

For twopence, the New Guinea stamp buyer has a choice of two pictures: a little tree house which looks for all the world like Wendy's, with a long, flimsy ladder; or a bird of paradise and a boar's tusk. The fourpenny stamp gives a picture of one of the native interiors. For fivepence one can buy a masked dancer from Kerema Gulf; for sixpence there is a genre picture—the Papuan family all working hard at making one of their marvellous paddles.

A ninepenny stamp shows the men fishing. For a shilling there is a picture of a curious ceremonial platform at Hanuabada, one of the biggest of the sea villages, where people live in the pile huts shown in the pound stamp. A stamp that gives a picture of our old friend the lakatoi, with the great sail that looks like a bat against the flaming sky, costs one shilling and threepence.

The two-shilling stamp shows a group of the marvellous native weapons which the old explorers learned to fear so much and are nevertheless great works of art.

#### A Gallant Sergeant-Major

There is a half-crown stamp showing a native potter at work, a picture of quiet beauty. For five shillings one can buy a really grand portrait of Sergeant-Major Simoi of the Armed Constabulary; for ten shillings an interesting group of the natives rubbing wood to make a fire.

Now is not this an interesting way of settling a legal document or saying that you have paid the postman to see that a letter comes from Port Moresby to the C.N.? And when we write back to our friends in that haunting, slowly-changing island at the other end of the world—well, we only need look through our stamp book to see our limitations.

There are so many delightful pictures of England we could put on our envelopes if only our Government would follow the lead of this clever island in the Australasian seas.

## 30 THOUSAND MILLION POUNDS

### What America Has Lost

#### SENATOR BORAH'S PLAIN WORDS

Some of our American friends and readers have thought the accounts given in the C.N. of the injustice of the war debts and their consequences have been exaggerated.

No better summary of the matter has been made than by Senator Borah, the well-known chairman of the United States Senate's Foreign Relations Committee. Let a famous American speak!

Senator Borah advocates the cancellation of the war debts, the policy of the clean slate which the British Government proposed long ago. He declares that the world depression, consequent upon the payment of war debts and war reparations, has cost the American people 150,000 million dollars, or £30,000,000,000 of our money!

#### Only Three Ways

He adds that there are only three ways by which Europe can pay. Tariffs have prevented payment in goods: it has become impossible to pay in services, and the attempts to pay in gold have been ruinous. He says also that the export trade of the United States has shrunk from 5000 million dollars in 1929 to the rate of 1700 million dollars this year.

Senator Borah therefore pleads that the coming World Conference should discuss war debts.

The truth is that America has been snatching at the shadow and losing the substance of wealth, like the dog in the famous fable of Aesop.

## WELLAND CANAL THE FOURTH

### Great Ships That Pass From Lake To Lake

Canada's new canal, on which work has begun just before the war, has been formally opened for traffic.

It is the Welland Canal, which joins Lakes Erie and Ontario. There was a Welland Canal which did this a hundred years ago, but since then traffic on the Great Lakes has increased enormously and the canal had to be reconstructed.

The present Welland Canal is the fourth, and on the day when it was declared open by the Governor-General of Canada the first vessel to pass through it was a huge grain ship, 635 feet long, which carried more than half a million bushels of wheat.

The canal, which runs almost parallel with the Niagara River, is 25 miles long and the difference in level at its two ends is 326 feet. The first Welland Canal overcame this difficulty by having 40 locks. Each of these was 110 feet long, 22 feet wide, and eight feet deep at low water. The new canal has only eight locks, but these are 820 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 30 feet deep. They are capable of raising huge ships 46 feet in eight minutes.

When the new St Lawrence scheme is completed big ocean-going vessels will be able to sail into the Great Lakes by way of the Welland Canal, which, it is said, has cost 26 million pounds.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Anhwei . . . . .	Ahn-hway-e
Bangweolo . . . . .	Bang-we-o-lo
Chamonix . . . . .	Shah-mo-ne
Hanyang . . . . .	Hahn-yahng
Jena . . . . .	Yay-nah
Kuanza . . . . .	Kwahn-zah
Quilimane . . . . .	Kee-le-mah-ne
Weimar . . . . .	Vy-mar

## C.N. GUINEAS

### Do You Want One?

#### THE BEST VIEWS IN ENGLAND

On which of England's many green hills should one stand for the best view?

That is what the C.N. is going to try to find out. It wants to set its readers climbing all the hills of England and spying out the land.

There is one spot where a man may stand and look into England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. A bit of Somerset, it is said, can be seen from Windsor Castle; and from one of Somerset's own hills, delightfully and rightfully named Windwhistle Hill, comes a letter to the Editor, saying:

*Please come down and bring your spy glass, and then, while the wind is whistling round you and the great beech trees which border the road for a mile, you will be able to see on one side ships sailing up the Bristol Channel and on the other ships sailing down the English Channel.*

How many of our readers know of an English view as fine or better? We will send a guinea for the best description of one, and then we will make a list of all of them and send it to the National Trust, praying them to continue to guard our viewpoints as they have begun, that we may always be proud to stand on these high places and look across our land.

*We will also pay 5s for the best descriptions received of what can be seen from any great height in England.*

## THE VICAR'S GOOD DEED

### The Sort of Religion We Need

A Commissioner of Scouts must do his good turn every day, like any Wolf Cub, and we guess that the Scout Commissioner of Southend, who is also the Vicar of St Erkenwald, does not limit himself to one a day.

He recently appeared before the Bench to plead for a hungry boy who had stolen a bottle of milk from a doorstep.

"He was having tea with me at the vicarage two days before he was arrested," the vicar told the magistrate. "I can only believe that he was driven to commit the offence through sheer necessity. He is a smart and intelligent lad, and when he is properly dressed and cleaned up you would not know him for the lad in the dock today. If you will allow him to go I will take him back to the vicarage straight away."

We are glad to say that the magistrate let him go, and we are glad to know that one more unfortunate has found a good friend and counsellor.

## LESS FRUIT FOR FRANCE

### But a Trainload For the Sea

We fear there will be fewer dishes of jam on some of the tables of France this winter.

France has rich orchards; but no child can satisfy his appetite for this delight of the table. The children of France are asking who is responsible for the delay in passing over the frontier the £12,000 trainload of fruit which has been despatched from Spain. So long was the train held up at the station of Cerbère that the fruit went bad and had to be cast into the sea.

The Spanish merchants should seek another entrance, for any schoolboy will tell them that Cerberus has ever proved an impassable guardian of the path to the Elysian Fields.

#### GOOD RICH MAN

In settling up the estate of Mr Julius Rosenwald, a New York millionaire, it was found that his generous guarantee to his employees against Stock Market losses in 1929 had cost him nearly eight million dollars.

## IRON FROM BELGIUM

### Sold Below Cost in England

#### HOW THE TARIFFS ARE WORKING

The new duties on iron and steel did not come into force until March of this year, and then only at 10 per cent on cost.

Later, the import tax was raised to 23 per cent: pig-iron not being taxed until June 14.

In the first six months of this year 967,000 tons of iron and steel were imported, as against 1,277,000 tons in January-June last year. There was, however, some reduction in June.

The Continental exporters continue to sell iron and steel at rubbish prices: the method which is called dumping. Belgium is the chief dumper.

In September, 1929, Belgian pig-iron was £3 10s a ton; in June this year the price asked was only £1 18s a ton. Joists were reduced from £5 to £2 a ton.

Belgian producers have reduced wages 20 per cent to help meet their losses, but it is difficult to know how such dumping can continue.

French iron companies admit that they are selling metal abroad at prices one-third less than the actual cost of manufacture.

As a result of this cut-throat competition, combined with general bad trade, our iron and steel workers are still largely unemployed.

## PROFESSOR GRAHAM WALLAS

### A Great Londoner

A man who brought to London all that is best in the teaching of the older University of Oxford has passed away in Professor Graham Wallas.

He loved democracy, and made it his lifework to train men to work out the best methods to enable it to replace the autocratic ruling of the many by the few which prevailed in local government less than a hundred years ago.

He was a member of the old London School Board, and the vast educational system so ably run by the County Council today owes a great debt to Graham Wallas for his pioneering spirit.

He was a great thinker on social and political problems, and was one of those happy beings who are able to impart their high ideals to the younger generation and inspire them to carry the torch they have lighted.

#### LUCK?

A steam trawler fishing off the Outer Hebrides caught a cod which had a live cartridge inside it. We have heard of the taste for adventure, even of the appetite for danger: the cod certainly possessed both.

It must have been swimming about with a live cartridge inside it for years. It was coated with some black substance, and was of a type manufactured in America during the war.

Almost we believe in luck!

## THINGS SAID

The true foundation of peace is love for one another. The Chief Scout

Never have issues and uncertainties of life been more complex. Lord Irwin

There is no beauty like the beauty of goodness. Sir Martin Harvey

The world suffers a great deal from learned people who are extremely foolish. Mr Justice Roche

There are 12,000 exotic plants that flower in the open in England. Captain Kingdon Ward

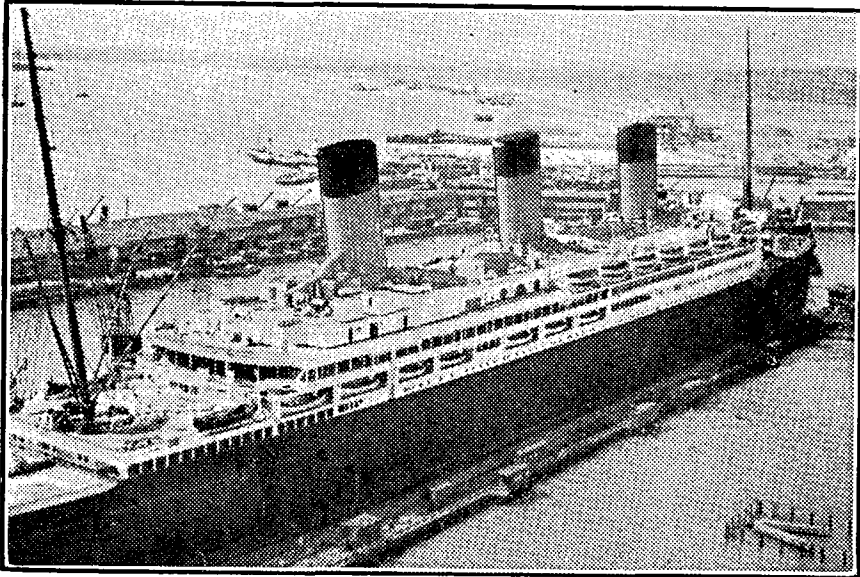


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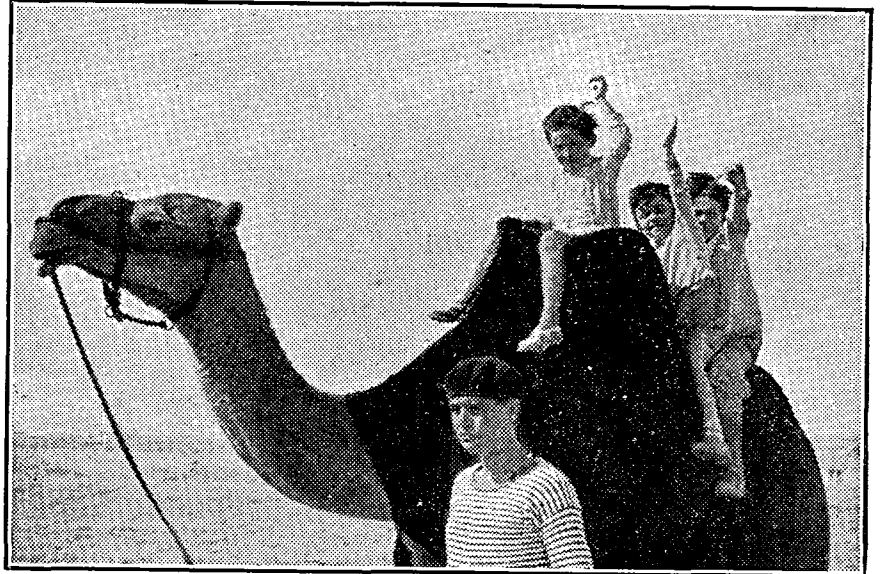
The Children's Newspaper

3

# LIFTING A LINER · A SEASIDE CAMEL · MINIATURE TURNTABLE



**Lifting a Liner**—The world's biggest liner, the Majestic, is here seen entering the floating dock at Southampton to be lifted out of the water for her summer overhaul.



**A Ride Across the Sands**—Donkeys are a familiar sight at the seaside, but at Deauville, on the French coast, there is a camel on which boys and girls can ride along the sands.



**The Stilt Walkers**—Two of the men whose duty it is to bind the hop-vines to their 18-foot poles are here seen striding across the fields at Paddock Wood in Kent.



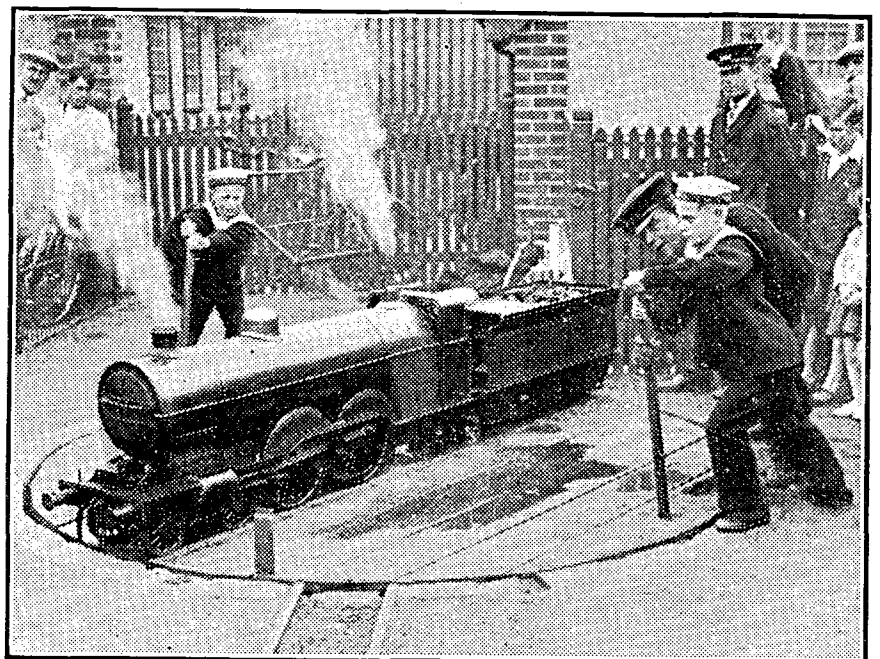
**Sunbathers**—These two little American visitors were agreeably surprised to find that the English summer enabled them to enjoy sunbathing. They are seen by a canal at Watford.



**In Camp**—At Draveil-Vigneux, near Paris, a big summer camp has been held for the children of working-class parents of many nations. Here are two visitors going to fetch water.



**A Breton Festival**—The curious hats worn by the men were a striking feature of these costumes worn at a festival to commemorate Brittany's union with France in 1532.



**On the Turntable**—Southsea has a new miniature passenger-carrying railway which is popular with holiday-makers. Here we see one of the locomotives being reversed.



## DRAMATIC FESTIVAL AT MALVERN

### THE LITTLE DWARF AND THE BIG RED COW

Amusing Plays That Our  
Forefathers Went To See

### 400 YEARS OF ENGLISH DRAMA

At Malvern, the beautiful little town in the heart of England nestling at the foot of the jagged peaks of the Malvern Hills, a wonderful Dramatic Festival has been taking place.

Sir Barry Jackson, the founder of the Malvern Festival, arranged for seven plays to be performed each week, the period of the plays covering four hundred years of English Drama. It is interesting to see the very same plays that our forefathers went to see and to find out if we are still amused and entertained by them.

First came *The Play of the Wether*, written by John Heywood in 1533. In this play all sorts of people pray to Jupiter for the kind of weather that will suit them best; a miller wants wind to turn his mill, another wants rain for his is a water-mill, a schoolboy wants frost and snow for snowballing, a laundress wants sun to dry her clothes. A beauty says No, the sun will burn her complexion.

#### Pleasing Everyone

In the end Jupiter says he will please everyone by sending a little of every kind of weather, so things are exactly as they were!

Another play is Ben Jonson's comedy *The Alchemist*, written in 1610. This is a fine play holding up to ridicule some of the follies and vices of the age. It concerns the period of an outbreak of the plague in London, when a merchant in fear of the plague leaves his house in the care of his servant, a rogue, and goes off to the country.

*Oroonoko* (1695), a tragedy by Thomas Southerne, has a setting in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, which was then in possession of the English. It shows a noble savage, a prince, captured by English slave-traders, and gives a moving picture of the horrors of slavery.

*Tom Thumb the Great* was written by the novelist Henry Fielding in 1730. This was perhaps the most popular play of the series. Tom Thumb was a general, a brave little dwarf who had killed twenty giants and came home in triumph to be honoured by his king. He falls in love with the beautiful princess Huncamunca.

#### Swallowed by a Cow

But his adventures are not yet over. In one of them he is swallowed by a big red cow. However, Merlin, a conjurer, obligingly produces Tom Thumb, none the worse for having been swallowed.

It looks rather like a pantomime, but there is some satire and a good deal of common sense behind the jokes.

The play representing the Victorian period is *London Assurance*, written by Dion Boucicault in 1841.

Many famous authors, actors, and writers gathered together at Malvern for this Festival, which attracted visitors from America, from Canada, from the Continent, and all parts of the British Isles.

### THE BLIND AND THE DEAF

In a home for the blind and deaf near Plymouth the matron has presented white walking-sticks to all the blind and deaf patients, and they find this a great boon.

So writes one of the deaf there, who, as he says, was saved from total blindness by London surgeons. He suggests that other authorities should follow this excellent example.

## The Man Who Saved Germany Before

Once more a grave crisis is facing the German people. Once more their thoughts may turn to a man whose name is little known to this generation but should be known to all the world. He saved Germany in a crisis of her fate 100 years ago.

Henry Stein started Germany on the road to democracy. He made evident to all the world the evils wrought by emperors who governed and waged war against their people's will. He saw in Napoleon the arch-enemy of the peoples of every nation, and had a great share in his overthrow.

*Had Germany followed in his footsteps there would have been no Kaiserdom and no Great War.* But reaction followed the overthrow of Napoleon, as it nearly always follows a war, and Stein died broken-hearted a hundred years ago. This is his story.

**HENRY FREDERICK KARL VOM STEIN** was born in 1757 and died in 1831.

A landowner in a small way, he grew up to feel himself no man's inferior. He claimed the right to speak plainly to everybody, king or peasant, and he expected a plain reply. He did not know what it was to be afraid. Whether men liked him or not, all thought him an entirely honest man.

After much reading and travel Stein became convinced that the English system was the best system of government because it interested the people themselves in the welfare of their country, and created such a public opinion as can never exist where a nation is ruled from above. He joined what we should now call the Civil Service of Prussia, hoping to help the Prussians to be free.

#### Prussia's Three Classes

At that time the people of Prussia had no part in its government. Men were divided into three classes—the nobility, the citizens, and the peasants. No citizen could be an officer; no member of the nobility could engage in trade; no peasant could change his condition.

Prussia had at that time lost the respect of Europe by the callous selfishness of her dealings with other nations. When Napoleon emerged from revolutionary France as a conquering emperor Prussia truckled to him by remaining neutral, accepted Hanover and part of Poland as a bribe, and allowed all his Continental opponents to be overthrown.

Thus, while nearly all Europe was at war trying to curb Napoleon's ambition, Prussia had eleven years of peace, but stood isolated and distrusted.

This foolish policy was recommended to the king, Frederick William the Third, by his circle of friends; but at last, when troubles were gathering with Napoleon outside and discontent within, he called Stein to Berlin and made him a Minister. Stein drew up a memorandum telling the king plainly how badly the kingdom was governed, and warning him of the dangers ahead. But the obstinate Frederick took no heed.

#### The French in Berlin

War came, and fifteen days after the first shot was fired the French were in Berlin, having defeated and dispersed the main Prussian Army in the two great battles of Jena and Auerstädt. The only civilian who scored a success was Stein, who, as Minister of Finance, managed to save all the Treasury funds.

The king now offered Stein the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but he declined to take the position unless the king would dismiss the gossiping and irresponsible courtiers who surrounded his Court. Frederick replied that Stein was a "refractory, insolent, obstinate, and disobedient official," and Stein accepted this as his dismissal after over a quarter of a century of faithful service.

#### Stein's Return as Dictator

By the Peace of Tilsit, which soon followed, Prussia lost half her territory. Napoleon demanded from her also an indemnity and he placed French garrisons in her fortresses, and suggested that Stein should be chief minister.

Napoleon had an eye for a man. He wanted Prussia to be a sort of vassal State of his own, and he knew that if anyone could govern Prussia vigorously it was Stein. He hoped that Stein's energy would make Prussia strong enough to pay a large part of the paralyzing indemnity. So, in October, 1807, Stein came back to power in Prussia at the bidding of its enemy, this man whose power Stein was to break.

Cast out like a criminal at the beginning of 1807, at the end of the year Stein came back like a king; king he was in all but name, for he was dictator of Prussia, with Frederick William afraid of Napoleon, ready to do his bidding. But Stein was to become once more a fugitive, a hunted man, escaping for his life over the Prussian frontier.

This is how it came about. After fifteen months of his dictatorship a private letter written by Stein to stimulate patriotic feeling was intercepted and sent to Napoleon, who forthwith issued a proclamation ordering that "the person called Stein" should be seized. In those fifteen months Stein had done work that transformed the nation.

#### Shaking Their Chains

For three years the world heard nothing of Stein, but during those years the changes he had made in Prussia were quietly working. National feeling was reviving through the greater sense of freedom he had introduced. Though the French still garrisoned the land, when the final invasion of Russia began the Prussian people as a whole were shaking their chains ominously.

The Russian Tsar was a man of wavering purpose. What he needed was a man at his right hand who never changed or flinched and had the power to inspire confidence and enthusiasm. At that critical time, in 1812, the Tsar asked Stein to go to Russia as his confidential adviser. The hunted statesman, driven out of Prussia by Napoleon, was free to work Napoleon's doom in Russia. The die of fate was cast. Henceforward on the Continent there was a stern man wielding powerful influence who would never rest or pause till the disturber of the world's peace was prostrate and disarmed.

#### The Downfall of Napoleon

When the French were compelled to retreat, with winter overtaking them, it was Stein who stimulated the Russians to pursue Napoleon into Prussia, where Stein declared that the people would rise in a body against the French, though the king in Berlin was still in alliance with Napoleon. The Tsar relied on Stein, the Russians crossed into Prussia, and Stein was made governor of any Prussian districts occupied by the Russian troops. Events justified him abundantly. The Prussian Army, under General Yorck, changed sides. Stein called an Assembly in East Prussia and persuaded it to vote for war.

Prussia at last had found its soul and become a nation and her king was forced to declare war, though this royal poltroon never forgave Stein, who had brought the Russians to his rescue. And then Napoleon fell.

#### From Serfdom To Nationhood

At the Congress of the Powers after Waterloo Stein strove with passionate earnestness to bring about a union of German States under one central authority, instead of allowing a relapse into a number of petty sovereignties. But the influence of Austria was too much for him, and he withdrew from the Congress in despair. Retiring into private life, he spent his later years in studying history.

A man of strong views, straight of speech, confident, impatient, eager, with wide and deep aims, he could not but be disappointed with his life's work, for it remained a fragment. He found Prussia soulless, slavish, ignorant, under a rigid tyranny; he gave it a glimpse of freedom and the beginning of hopeful institutions. He saw it rise from a condition of serfdom into nationhood.

## INDIA AND US

### SETTLING THE COMMUNAL PROBLEM

The Essential Need For All Her  
Races To Federate

### CONSTITUTION BUILDING FOR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

While half our Government has been in conference at Ottawa the other half has been straightening out the policy this country is to take in solving the problem of India.

The Departments in Whitehall have been at work and the reports of the travelling committees have been conned and sifted in readiness for the great Bill which Parliament is to spend the autumn session in discussing.

Readers of the C.N. will remember that when the Round Table Conference broke up at the beginning of this year much had been accomplished, the seed of a Federated India had been sown, all parties in this country had agreed that from it a very good plant could spring; and only the obstinacy of two Indian groups over the Communal Franchise stood like a stone in the way.

#### A Disparity in Numbers

This Communal problem arises from the disproportionate distribution of the two chief races in India, the Hindus who number over 200 millions and the Mohammedans who are about 70 millions strong. Religion divides these races in a more marked degree than anywhere, their laws and customs being diametrically opposed.

In order to secure a workable representation in both the provincial and federal parliaments more members must be given to the Mohammedans in certain regions, and it is in the reasonable adjustment of this problem that there has been a deadlock.

At the last meeting of the Round Table Conference in London the Prime Minister declared that if the contending parties would not or could not solve this problem his Government would put forward their own solution, trusting that the respect and general goodwill enjoyed by England among the Indian people would carry the conviction that their solution was the impartial and just solution and one which however unpalatable in parts had better be swallowed for the general good of India.

#### The Next Step

Warned, doubtless, by a few disastrous mistakes in its early history the British people has in recent years been exceptionally successful in developing self-governing constitutions. They have a courage which difficulties do not baffle, and when they concentrate on a problem, as they have on India, they do see the vision across the mountains and strain every effort to reach it.

We trust that the new pronouncement will meet with the consideration from all parties in India that it deserves and that, sinking their differences, the wise men of all parties will come together to bring the country which is their homeland into a high-placed position in the British Commonwealth.

## THE LOAN CONVERSION

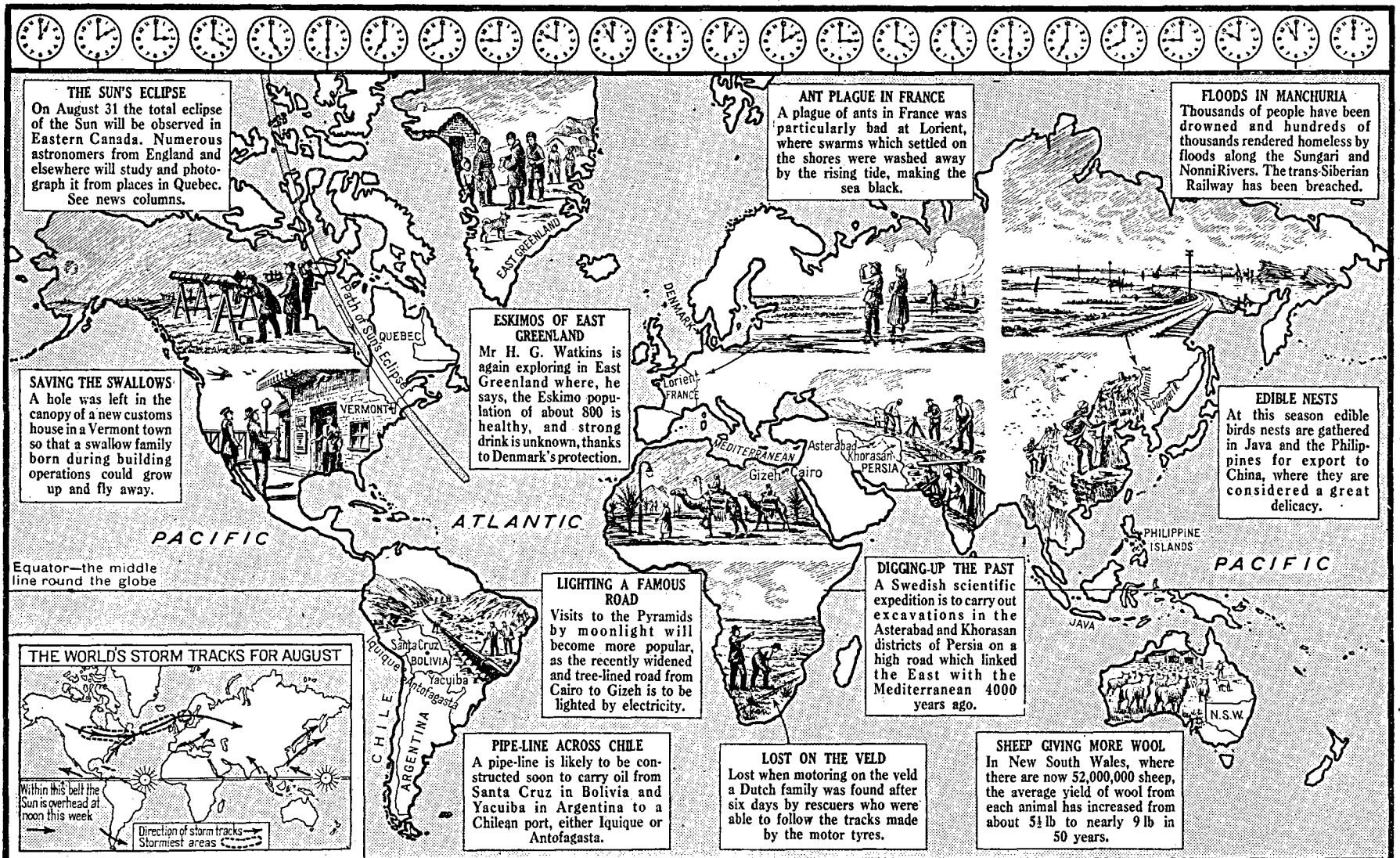
### An Amazing Success

The amount of War Loan converted in July amounted to no less than £1850,000,000, a figure which astonished even the most optimistic of the advocates of the scheme. The cost to the State in bonus, commission, and advertisement amounted to about £25,000,000, a sum well spent in establishing our national finances on a 3½ per cent basis.

There is little doubt that many holders of the balance patriotically decided not to claim the bonus so that the Government will have only to find a very small sum to pay in cash on December 1.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A VILLAGE AND ITS CROSS Returns To Its Place

Colston Bassett, near Grantham, has got back its village cross.

Pious hands cut it in the reign of Edward the Fourth, when printing seemed a newer and more wonderful thing than wireless and air liners seem to us today. General Sir Edward Le Marchant has just returned it.

When the highways were haunted by footpads, and journeys were dangerous things, how the traveller must have rejoiced to see a stone cross gleaming ahead of him! It was a sign that he was near the dwelling of Christian people, and had reached safety. Now he was close to the sanctuary of a church and the comfort of an inn kitchen or the charity of a manor house.

Today most of the village crosses are mere stumps of stone, and their meaning is forgotten. Sometimes they have gone altogether; sometimes, as at Milton Abbey, it is the village that has gone and the stone that is left.

Colston Bassett is fortunate to save this relic of English village life.

## MAKING CRICKET HISTORY

### An Old Record Goes

A cricket record established by Dr W. G. Grace in 1886 has just been broken for the first time.

In eight seasons during his career the Grand Old Man of Cricket took a hundred wickets and made a thousand runs or more, and until last year no other amateur had equalled this performance.

V. W. C. Jupp, the Northamptonshire amateur, performed the feat for the eighth time last season, and now he has gone one better. He reached his total of a thousand runs and a hundred wickets in the match against Hampshire at Southampton. Nine times in the past twelve seasons has Mr Jupp accomplished this splendid feat.

## THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL 22 Years at Greenwich

Sir Frank Dyson has just arrived in Canada to make preparations for witnessing the last total eclipse of the Sun that he will ever see as Britain's Astronomer-Royal.

The eclipse is on August 31. On December 31 Sir Frank will retire after holding his important office for 22 years.

During that time he has taken hundreds of photographs of the stars and the Moon—this is his hobby—from the National Observatory at Greenwich.

He is still hale and hearty at 64, and after the eclipse is to address a conference of the world's astronomers at Boston, Massachusetts.

His retirement is automatic, and the new astronomer-royal will be appointed by the Government.

## A COMPETITOR WITH THE KING

When the King's yacht made its popular second win in a week at Cowes, and won a prize of £80 presented by the people of Cowes, among the racers there was somebody bravely and cheerfully making the best of what most of us would call an extremely bad job.

This was Captain Lowry, an experienced yachtsman, who said that he enjoyed himself in his yacht as much as anyone there.

He is completely blind. He is also a good loser, and, it might be said, a good winner too.

## A SMALL COTTON CROP

The size of the American cotton crop is always an important factor in trade. Last year it proved to be over 17 million bales. The Government estimate for this year is only 11,300,000 bales.

The price of cotton rose promptly upon this news.

The small crop estimate is due to that deadly pest, the boll-weevil, which bores the bolls and spoils them.

## MORE WORKERS IDLE Rise To 2,811,782

Again the monthly report of the Ministry of Labour records an increase in unemployment.

On July 25 the day-count revealed 2,811,782 men, women, and young persons registered at the Employment Exchanges as seeking work: 1,995,453 were wholly unemployed, 721,552 were temporarily stopped, and 94,777 were casual workers. The total was 64,439 more than on June 27.

The increase was partly due to the Burnley cotton strike, but there was also less employment in jute, building, coal, engineering, iron and steel, ship-building, and tailoring.

It is important to note that of each 100 unemployed 71 had been at work less than six months ago. Only 16 in each 100 had been out of work for a year or more. That shows that the 2,811,782 unemployed does not mean a standing army of people lacking work.

Nevertheless, the report is a bad one, and again we ask, Why not wages for work instead of doles for idleness?

## THE WIDOW AND THE RAGMAN

There was once a widow of Middlesex who went away for a holiday; but before leaving her home she carefully hid her riches—£290 in all—in a bundle of old rags.

Later she quite forgot she had done this, so that when a rag-and-bone man called at her house one day she exchanged her bundle of old rags and wealth for a few pence.

But Mr Harry James, the ragman, discovering the hidden treasure, at once took it to the police-station, where the widow went to claim it.

Mr James received a reward of five pounds from the widow, and we should like to think of him living, in true fairy-tale fashion, happy ever after!

## MARC SANGNIER'S YOUTH MOVEMENT

### Children of Three Nations

Everyone in the Peace Movement knows the magnificent work of M Marc Sangnier.

Since the war he has entirely devoted himself to contacts and reconciliation between Germany and France; chiefly using, until the last few years, the great international conferences at Bierville as his centre. Here he procured on lease a well known French chateau and its beautiful park as his permanent headquarters.

Six years ago one of his colleagues, Miss E. M. Gilpin, planned with him the first congress or holiday camp for schoolboys and schoolgirls from France, Germany, and England, at Bierville itself, with something like a thousand children for four weeks.

This started the great movement, and Marc Sangnier's Peace Scouts. Wherever Marc Sangnier goes you see his body-guard of Peace Scouts standing at attention near him; even at each end of the platform on which he is the centre.

Miss Gilpin is always the head of these happy holiday-makers, who now meet annually on a smaller scale from the schools of England, France, and Germany. Last year they met at Bonn, in Germany; the year before in France. This year it was in the quiet village of Winscombe, near Weston-super-Mare, at the Quaker Sidcot School, and there were 50 boys and 50 girls in residence there.

They arrived in England over Bank Holiday, and spent at least a fortnight at the school.

Marc Sangnier sees the greatest hope in the youth of the world; and his is the moving spirit behind this and many another similar movement abroad.

## To Mothers Everywhere

*A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.*



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 27 1932

## Let Us Spend Wisely

A LARGE group of Professors of Economics, representing the universities of England, Scotland, and Wales, have made a public appeal to the Government and the public to spend wisely and to use money to advantage.

We are very glad that this appeal has been made, for many people imagine that Economy means merely saving money. It means, of course, nothing of the sort. Economics is the science of husbandry, the wise ordering of affairs. Good husbandry sometimes means saving money, but more often it means *spending money wisely*.

There are occasions when it is well not to spend. There are other occasions when it is not only wise to spend but when spending is vitally important. This is true both for individuals and for nations. The man who saves money by depriving his family of good food, clothes, and shelter when he can afford to buy them is not an economist.

So with the Government. If a nation, through its Government, neglects to educate its people, that is not economy.

At the present time many people, frightened by what they have heard, are afraid to spend money on quite necessary things. A moment's thought will show that *if everybody ceased to spend the nation's trade would come to an end*. Never, indeed, was a time when it was more necessary to spend everything one can possibly afford. This is not to condemn proper saving, but to condemn carrying saving to excess.

We heartily agree with the Professors of Economics when they give this advice:

*Private individuals and institutions can assist by spending according to their capacity. In cases of doubt the patriotic motive should weigh on the side of expenditure.*

Another point made by the Professors of Economics is that the banks have a great responsibility at this time in helping wise expenditure. It is their duty to *cheapen the use of money* as much as possible, and not make it artificially dear by charging high rates of interest.

This is a time when business men need encouragement, and we are bound to say that they are not receiving it in due measure.

Finally, is it not desirable to say a word to the Government itself? Is not the Government very unwise to cut down fruitful expenditure? It ought not to discourage housing, but to encourage it. Local authorities should be stimulated to deal with the housing question and to abolish slums. Such work would revive business and set the wheels going in a hundred useful trades, to say nothing of the effect on the social life of our people.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Hospital Tax?

OUR hospitals are increasingly taxed by the tide of road accidents.

In many cases the chief part of the time and accommodation of a hospital is monopolised by those wounded on the roads. This constitutes a heavy burden which our hospital system is quite unable to meet. In view of this serious fact could not a special hospital tax be imposed on all road vehicles, out of which payment could be made to the hospitals? The special tax would have the additional advantage of bringing home to motorists the drain on the nation's life which is made by the casualties so largely due to gross carelessness on the road.

## Cutting Down Wealth

ONE of the most significant symptoms of the world madness which has brought so much distress is the holding of congress after congress to *curtail the supplies of wealth!*

A few weeks ago the oil interests of the world met, including Russia, a country producing much oil. There was no agreement arrived at because the Russian representatives refused to join in a plan to restrict the supplies of oil.

So with timber. At Vienna the representatives of 32 nations met to raise the price of timber by cutting down supplies. No agreement was arrived at because the Russian delegates refused to cut down their production and exports.

We are not surprised at the failure of all these efforts. This vain endeavour to make things better by making things worse is, of course, doomed to failure.

## Filled With Despair

ONE of our public men has been saying that a friend home from Geneva has found every man, whatever his country, filled with despair.

Those who are in contact with foreign correspondents or friends are only too well aware of the truth of this. To speak with thinking men from the Continent of Europe is to understand that despair has almost passed into desperation.

As for poverty just above the line of destitution, it has become a commonplace in Europe. We in our island do not realise the seriousness of the Continental situation. Our own troubles are great; those of Central Europe are much greater. What can we do but again beg our National Government to take a lead and to assert the rule of justice for all men? What else can we do but say to France: It is French fear that chiefly stands in the way of world settlement. It is high time that this was said plainly before a situation already serious passes beyond hope of remedy; before despair breaks in revolution.

## Good News in a Garden

It was in an Aberdeenshire cottage garden, walking by some late mauve iris, that we heard the glad news:

*There will be no more blind children soon, we hope!*

The speaker was the wife of a distinguished doctor in the Ministry of Health. In the Scottish town where he labours the babies are looked after so conscientiously and cleverly that blindness hardly ever occurs; it is being fought down.

## Hard Work To Do

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;  
Shun not the struggle—face it, tis God's gift. Goethe

## Tip-Cat

AN unemployed man said he used to work in a flypaper factory. He should have stuck to his job.

DON'T rely on your memory when packing for the holidays, somebody advises. A suitcase is more useful.

HUNDREDS of men and girls are employed in making cameras at Harrow. But they don't want their jobs to be taken.

Peter Puck  
Wants to Know



If a surly sailor  
is given a wide  
berth

You can easily spot tame fish at the Zoo Aquarium. Some are already spotted.

MOST women buy hats for the holidays. Others buy them for themselves.

THE Thames is described as a sleepy river. Must run in its sleep.

A CRITIC declares that our young M.P.s lack courage to tell the House of Commons what they think. But perhaps they don't.

LONDON's oldest taxis are to go. They won't.

A MOTOR-CAR turned a somersault without injuring anyone. But it gave the driver a turn.

ISN'T there a special magazine swimmers can take in? asks a lady. It would have to be waterproof.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

KENT's County Library now supplies about three-quarters of all Kent with books.

A TON of moss has been collected by Perthshire Scouts and Guides for Lady Haig's poppy factory.

SCHOOLCHILDREN have cleared the fields of Lowick in Northumberland of over 20,000 thistles.

## JUST AN IDEA

*The world will come right as soon as everybody wishes it enough.*

## Fifteen Miles From London

By Our Town Girl

FIFTEEN miles northward from London Town

A little, green, silent wood slopes down,  
Held from the road by a low white gate,  
And, tall as a man who stands up straight,

DEEP in the heart of it I have seen  
Shelf upon shelf of silvery green,  
Feathery bracken the whole way through,  
Silvery green and silvery blue,

SPRINGING out of the emerald grass  
With arms outstretched to you as you pass.

We may have seen beauty on mountain peak,  
Dawn upon jungle and isle and creek,

BUT never a sight more gently fair  
Than that silver-armoured bracken there  
Marching in gentleness through the day,  
With London but fifteen odd miles away!

## C.N. Philosophies

## Honesty

HONESTY is the rule governing all duties, it is the choice on the right side, it is the proper thing to do in all circumstances.

Some people believe they are honest because they face honestly the important issues of life, such as not getting something for nothing, not evading the law, not taking advantage of a situation; but honesty has as much to do with little things as with big ones.

It sometimes requires strength of character not to exaggerate, not to underestimate or deceive or misrepresent, but the reward for this straightforward conduct is the solid foundation for trustworthiness.

An honest man feels strong. People cannot make him say Yes if he wants to say No. He is not afraid of telling the truth, because he has experienced that, whatever the appearances, Truth is bound to win. He could not think of deceiving anybody.

Honesty secures peace; it attracts love; it opens the way forward; it unfolds boundless possibilities. It unlocks the gate of trouble and prepares the way to happiness.

## An Evening Litany

Ere we take our homeward way  
At the closing of the day,  
Hear, O Lord, our litany!

Guard the sailor out at sea,  
From all danger keep him free.

Bless the airman in the sky,  
Safe as angels may he fly.

May each motor-driver feel  
Thine own hand upon the wheel.

These, and all men, in Thy sight  
Safely keep till morning light:

Hear, O Lord, our litany!

Thomas Tiplady in Songs of  
a Kinema Church (Methuen)



## THESE EXCITING DAYS IN GERMANY SPECIAL COURTS FOR POLITICAL CRIMES Suggested Changes in the 12-Year-Old Constitution THE POWER OF THE PARTY

Ever since the General Election brutal acts have been perpetrated by irresponsible hooligans in Germany.

Foreseeing this danger the Government had imposed a political truce for ten days after the election. They have since extended it for a month and have, in addition, issued two decrees in a determined effort to bring an end to a lawlessness which has been making life unsafe for peaceful citizens.

Grenades have been thrown into men's houses and offices by political enemies, contributors to newspapers have been attacked in the public streets, and children have been involved in tragedies resulting from these acts of terrorism.

### Protecting Government Servants

The Government's two decrees bring into operation the courts of summary jurisdiction foreshadowed in a previous decree and have made the sentence of death apply to murders committed when political passions have been aroused and for causing fires and explosions resulting in the loss of life.

Heavy punishments are to be inflicted on any who injure, however slightly, any policeman or soldier in the Government service.

A court-martial for civilians is foreign to English ideas, yet if the present Government is to ward off civil war it must have all the power possible. We must remember that President Hindenburg is still the man most Germans respect, and he has sanctioned these methods of his Government. The stalemate of the elections has made the task of ruling very difficult, as it means that no party is behind the Government.

### The Weimar Constitution

For twelve years Germany has been living under the Weimar Constitution, and many Republicans are expressing the opinion that it is time it was carefully examined and reformed. We who do not live under a hard-and-fast Constitution do not suffer from their disadvantages. Our parliamentary system is flexible and in times of stress serves us well. Had we been in Germany's position it is probable that we could have avoided government by decree.

The ablest men in Germany are now thinking aloud about the future of their Constitution, realising that the Parliament and its method of election are primarily involved.

The members of the Reichstag, the Lower House, are elected by a system of proportional representation, but the electors vote for a list put forward by a party, and not for individual candidates as in this country. Thus, the party organisations have supreme power over their members.

### No By-Elections

When the men at the head of the list die or retire those below the line at which the number of its representatives in Parliament is placed move up. There are, therefore, no by-elections during the four years when Parliament is in being.

The elector votes Nazi, or Communist, or Centre Party as the case may be, and roughly every 60,000 votes for a list means that one person in it is elected.

In England Mr Smith stands for all the members of his constituency; in Germany he only considers the party caucus and its policy.

Were it not for the direct election of their President on strictly democratic lines, and his determined loyalty to the Weimar Constitution, it is doubtful whether the indirect democratic system of voting for the Reichstag could have lasted as long as it has done.

## WONDERFUL ENGINES

In the lists of our national exports aircraft engines stand almost alone. In these hard times, when our trade with other countries is decreasing, we are sending more aeroplane motors abroad than ever before.

In the early days of flying aeroplane constructors of most countries went to France for their engines, and in England, as elsewhere, the old Gnome engine almost had the air to itself for several years.

Now, however, that is changed and the excellence of British motors is so obvious that they are found in almost every country in Europe and much farther afield. Of 16 countries operating commercial services 12 have machines fitted with British engines, though in some cases the engines were built

abroad under licence to British designs. In Belgium the entire Air Force is equipped with British engines, with the exception of one or two training machines. Little Denmark has lately sent an order for 16 engines from Bristol. The names of Rolls-Royce, Napier, Armstrong Siddeley, and Bristol stand for reliability in the air forces and on the airways of the world, and among private fliers British light engines are second to none in popularity.

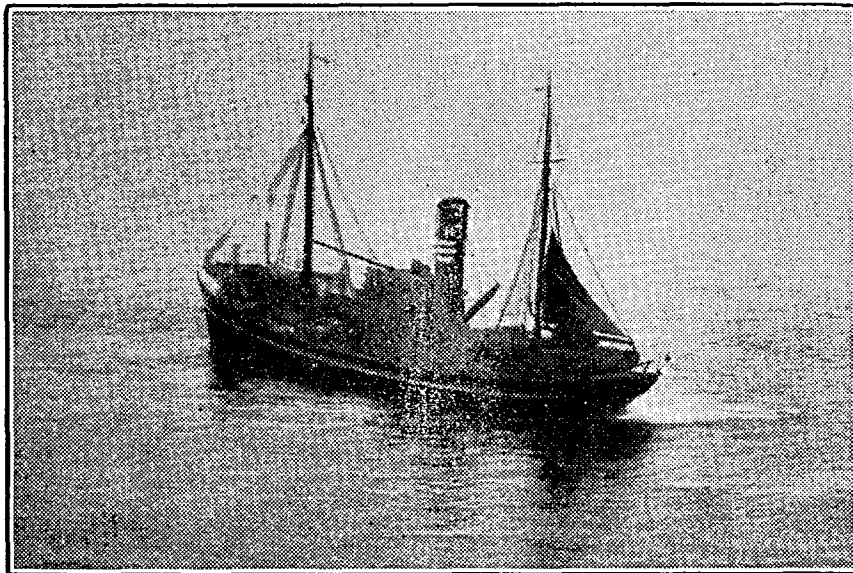
In recent motor-car and aircraft trials in and above the Alps all the chief events were won by British motors.

The fastest journeys ever made by man on land, on water, and in the air were performed with the aid of British aircraft engines.

## SHAKESPEARE PLAY SAVES A SHIP



The play in progress on the cliffs at Porthcurno



The boat that was saved

During the performance of Shakespeare's play *The Tempest* on the cliffs at Porthcurno in Cornwall a curious thing occurred. As *Prospero*, who was supposed to have been shipwrecked, was approaching the plateau a ship loomed out of the thick fog. One of the players sounded a Morse code letter which saved the vessel from disaster on the rocks.

## AN OLD MAN AND HIS TEN POUNDS

AN old man has set South Africa talking of his generosity by giving £10 to a hospital.

It does not sound a large sum, but there is much more behind it for it represented every penny Charles Petersen had been able to save during his long life.

He was a Dane, born on a windjammer nearly ninety years ago. His parents died when he was only a child, and he was soon at work as a cabin boy. He found work of sorts all his life, hard work, and work for which he received very little reward. But he plodded on, saving a penny here and a penny there, till finally he drifted out to South Africa.

He was 85 when the poor fellow fell ill and had to go to the Settlers Hospital. But he recovered and was well enough to leave in a fortnight. During that fortnight he had lain in bed and marvelled at all the kindness and care he was receiving, and when he left he decided he must give something in return. He had nothing to give but his savings; so he gave them, and with them all the hundreds of things they would have bought to ease his last days.

The hospital board passed a special vote of thanks to Mr Petersen for his £10, but just before the postman brought their letter the old man had passed peacefully and contentedly away.

## SAVING THE CHILDREN

### HOW C.N. MONEY HAS BEEN SPENT

#### The Horror in the Wake of Floods and Famine

### LITTLE ONES FOR SALE

By Sir John Hope Simpson

We are very glad to have this letter from Sir John Hope Simpson, the Director of the Chinese Flood Relief Commission, written on the boat as he made his way back to England, after helping so greatly to give life and hope to the stricken people of the flood areas.

I have received the issue of the C.N. for June 11, reporting the receipt of £20 12s 6d for the Save the Children Fund, to help in the relief of suffering caused by the Chinese Floods.

The subscribers of this generous sum will doubtless be glad to hear something of the way in which money sent to us for use among children has actually been employed.

#### Buying Starving Children

One of the saddest results of famine has been the sale of starving children by their starving parents. A considerable sum was expended in buying children; that is, paying over money to parents, taking over the children in exchange.

These children were housed, fed till famine conditions disappeared after the harvest was reaped, and then handed back to their parents.

Your contributors can imagine the joy of those reunions. Had we not been able to give the starving parents something for their children, those little ones would have been sold either into what is in fact domestic slavery, or to contractors of labour for the cotton mills.

Another way in which the money was used was the support of flood children who had lost their parents and had been rescued and placed in orphanages. Most of these orphanages are managed by missionaries, but many also by philanthropic Chinese men and women.

#### Warding Off Paralysis

The Save the Children money helped orphanages maintained by missionaries in Hankow, in Wuchang, and in Hanyang, and by Chinese in Kaifeng and in Tsinkiangpu.

I am afraid some of these places will not be marked on your maps. The first three are close together in Hupeh Province, up the Yangtze River; the next is in Honan Province, the last in North Kiangsu.

The money was used in yet a third way. In the north of the Provinces of Anhwei and Kiangsu there has been a severe epidemic of kala-azar, a disease which causes paralysis and, if untreated, is very frequently fatal.

Thousands of children have suffered and died from that disease, of which the treatment is, I understand, simple but expensive.

#### Thousands of Lives Saved

Donations from the Save the Children money were sent to three separate mission hospitals in the afflicted tracts, on the condition that the money should definitely be applied for the treatment of children, sufferers by the flood, and sick of that disease.

The money was used in other ways also, notably in direct relief of starvation among children, and I am informed by our head man in Anhwei Province that thousands of lives of children were saved with the help of that money.

I, personally, am exceedingly grateful for the generous response to my appeal. Money came from England and from America in far greater volume than was expected; and all who gave may rest assured that not one penny was wasted and that thousands are rejoicing today in life and in hope who would not have been alive to do so had it not been for Christian charity and sympathy such as that displayed by your subscribers.



## THE MAN WITH THE SILVER

### AND THE GIRL WHO KNEW WHAT TO DO

A True Story With a Surprising Ending

#### A BAD MAN'S GOOD THOUGHT

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Heroism will come cropping up in the unlikely places.

The other day friends were showing us over their new house, built in a pleasant but rather lonely spot on the outskirts of the town.

It was a pretty house, and we were full of admiration for everything about it—the view from the balcony, the roses in the garden, the shape of the rooms, and the arrangement of the furniture. But prettier than all seemed to us the little, countrified maid who had let us in and presently brought us tea. We said as much to our host when she had left the room.

"Ah, yes, she's pretty enough," said he; "but there is more to her than mere prettiness, let me tell you. It's solely owing to her that this house has not been cleaned out by a thief."

#### Alone in the House

"One evening soon after we had moved in," he said, "my wife and I went out to dinner, and this girl was left alone in the house. About 11 o'clock she heard sounds as of someone moving about the dining-room; and, knowing we could not have returned, she came up to investigate. She was desperately frightened, she says, for she is naturally timid, but it was her duty to look after the house, so she felt she could do no less. She opened the dining-room door and saw a strange man by the sideboard, busily popping silver spoons into a bag."

"Heavens!" we cried. "What did she do?"

"That is what we asked her when she told us. There were several things she could have done. Screamed and fainted, for one thing; or run back to her room and hidden her head under the bed-clothes. She might even have stolen away and rung up the police, though it is doubtful whether they could have arrived in time."

#### An Effective Appeal

"What she did do was to walk quietly into the room and accost the man. She told him she was alone in the house and responsible for all it contained. If the silver disappeared, who would believe, she asked him, that she had not made away with it herself? She appealed to him not to put a poor girl into such a position. She would cry her eyes out, she said, if her master and mistress were to suspect her of being a thief."

"And, do you know, the man listened to her, and when she had finished he emptied his bag and placed everything back in its place without a word. Then, still without a word but actually looking shamefaced, she said, he climbed out through the window and disappeared into the night."

"He could not have been a very hardened malefactor, you think? Well, perhaps not. And yet again, he may have been, for it is incredible what you can do with people simply by assuming that they are human like yourself."

#### A SHIP THAT DOES NOT ROLL

Now is to see the commissioning of a great Italian passenger ship, Conte di Savoia, provided with three gigantic gyroscopes. It is claimed that they will so greatly diminish the rolling of the vessel as to abolish the risk of seasickness. This principle has never before been used in a big vessel and the experiment is therefore a very interesting one. The gyroscopes are revolved by electricity.

## STAMPS FROM EVERYWHERE

### L.M.S. AND ITS MAIL-BAG

A Work of Love and the Little Fortune It Has Made

#### MISSION-FIELD ROMANCE

There are stamp collectors who are fortunate enough to be able to obtain a variety of foreign stamps from the postbag of large commercial houses, but there is one postbag which would make every collector's mouth water because of the variety of stamps which arrive by almost every post.

It is the mail of the London Missionary Society. This society has its missionaries, doctors, teachers, and nurses in all parts of India, Africa, China, and the South Sea Islands, and there is never a day without letters, postcards, or reports of one kind or another arriving from various mission stations, every communication bearing the stamp of the country from which it comes.

#### Romance of Self-Sacrifice

Many people have asked what happens to the foreign stamps which arrive so bountifully at Livingstone House in London, and behind this question is a romance of self-sacrificing labour, which has turned this fascinating postbag into a means of splendid financial support for the L.M.S., the society which sent David Livingstone to Africa, Robert Morrison to China, John Williams to the islands of the sea, and a host of nameless but equally splendid and daring men and women to follow in their trail.

Several years ago the idea of utilising these foreign stamps occurred to the friends of the society, and during the past 11 years the work of preparing them for sale to collectors has been carried out by Mr T. H. Earl of Kendal. He receives the cards, envelopes, and wrappers from the head office and carefully removes the stamps, sorting them into their respective countries and mounting them on sheets of paper with the catalogue value marked above each!

#### Quite a Little Fortune

During the years he has undertaken this work he has received the splendid sum of £1500 to pass on to the society, quite a little fortune. But, alas! this past year has been a very unfortunate one. Many of the older collectors have passed away, and many more, owing to the financial troubles, have been unable to continue to buy stamps.

If any readers of the C.N. can help, either by sending for stamps or sending gifts of spare stamps from their collections, Mr T. Earl, 4 West Cliffe, Kendal, Westmorland, will be delighted to hear from them.

## TELEVISION

### A New Use For It

A really practical use has been found for television by the Marconi Company. It is to send telegraph messages which can be read as they arrive.

The characters are printed with a special typewriter on a paper tape, and this printed tape is drawn through a scanning device consisting of fifteen lenses arranged spirally on a drum.

The receiver shows a long narrow picture of the printed tape, which can be varied in length from a few inches only to several feet. In this way telegraphic messages can be sent by sight instead of by code at a great speed. The instruments are not large, and are easily transportable.

The idea may become very useful in business.

## To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol  
From Ugly Stations

## A BOY WHO KNEW

### A Little Story of the Houses of Parliament

One of our Member-of-Parliament friends sends us this note of a schoolboy's wit in the Palace of Westminster, where schoolboy wit is all too rare, we fear.

Every year thousands of boys and girls are taken over the Palace of Westminster by their Member of Parliament. They hear and see many interesting things. Here is a story about the boy who knew his history.

The walls of the corridors at Westminster are covered with many valuable pictures. If history is your strong subject you would find many of these pictures very interesting. A party of schoolboys from Edinburgh were examining them one day, and, being Scottish boys, they were attracted by a picture portraying the execution of the Marquess of Montrose.

#### Grim Ducal Jest

It shows the executioner tying round the neck of the unhappy marquess a copy of Dr Wishart's account of the unfortunate campaign which is about to cost him his life. Perhaps you will remember the gay remark of Montrose to the effect that the King could not have sent him anything he would rather have round his neck, not even the ribbon of the Garter!

The master in charge of these boys had just read out the inscription under the picture, saying that the Marquess of Montrose overran Scotland on behalf of Charles the First, invaded Scotland in 1650, and was executed in the Grass Market, Edinburgh, on May 21, 1650, when a boy's voice said, "But Montrose was not executed in the Grass Market; he was executed in High Street!" Nobody seemed certain about it except the boy, but it was found that he was correct.

#### Intelligence Rewarded

The master wrote to the Librarian at the House of Commons to point out the mistake, and if you look very closely at the picture you will find that a tiny strip of paper containing the words High Street has been pasted over the place where it once said Grass Market.

Sir Samuel Chapman, M.P., one of the members for Edinburgh, was with the party of schoolboys when this incident happened, and we are told that the boy who knew his history received a crisp pound note as a present. But we cannot say whether he bought more history books with it!

## ON THE TOP OF HIS DIFFICULTIES

### How One Lad Does It

The town lads of Malvern Link in Worcestershire turn out in these summer evenings to play cricket on the common.

On one pitch, which doubtless had some grass growing on it years ago, there is to be seen a one-legged youth. He has lost his left leg close up to the hip and plays with his crutch under his arm. It is splendid to see him bowling; after a quick run of several paces on a leg and a crutch he sends down a good ball which, for pace and length, none of his fellows can surpass.

For some time that seemed to be his limit of performance, but then he took the bat and was obliged to abandon his crutch. Here he found hitting difficult, but he stood firm on the very foot which so many young batsmen only use for running away from the ball. He can keep a straight bat and stop the balls, and he uses every chance for getting a ball away to slip, or by gliding it to leg. It may not be so lively to watch as when he is bowling, but it is an equally fine performance.

He can field too; with his crutch he gets up a good pace after the ball and throws in well.

Does he ever think what a lesson it is for the others to watch him?

## 17 CENTURIES ON ONE FARM

### A Farm Servant Becomes a Museum Piece

#### THE OLD STONE IN A LANCASHIRE VILLAGE

Sometimes when an old agricultural labourer dies there is a paragraph in the papers headed Fifty Years on One Farm. Today we tell of a far more wonderful record, and call it Seventeen Centuries on One Farm.

The other day Mr T. L. Lace, a Wigan magistrate, chanced to be at Slate Farm, Lathom, where he saw a milk-tub which numbers of people had seen before him. But he noticed something that no one else had noticed, and this was the peculiar shape of the stone on which the tub stood.

He asked the farmer about it, and was told that it had been used in various ways on the farm as long as anyone remembered.

Mr Lace begged the stone, and carried it off to Mr A. J. Hawkes, the Wigan borough librarian, who said it was the top half of a quern that had ground corn in Roman days.

Perhaps, he said, the lower half might still be somewhere about.

#### The Lower Half

Back to the farm went Mr Lace, and in an orchard only a hundred yards from the place where the top had been he found the lower half of the quern.

We can be very certain that this corner of England has been a farm since Roman days, or before it, and that farmers who spoke many different languages have used the quern in various ways. Roman, Briton, Saxon, Norseman, and modern Englishman have tilled this bit of land and pastured their beasts here while powerful empires rose and fell and Christianity slowly conquered the world.

Roman coins and other relics have been found in the neighbourhood.

The Romans left Britain in 426 A.D. after nearly 400 years rule. Even if we suppose that the quern did not begin work till midway through their reign it has rendered service for 1700 years. We shall go far before we can match such a record.

#### Pensioned Off

The old servant has been pensioned off at last; the quern has been presented to the Wigan Libraries Committee, and, of course, it is right that the relic should be in safe keeping. Yet it is sad to think that the link is broken at last, and the quern will no longer hold up a crazy hen-house, or prop open a gate, or act as a chopping-block for the owners of Slate Farm again.

It is a good thing that the quern is only millstone grit, and not flesh and blood. Only a stone could bear to leave the apple-blossom and the sunlight and the contented noises of hens ushering their broods through the long orchard grass and the deep notes of kine glad to be coming home at evening and the shrill voices of the farmer's children at play.

It is very grand to be a museum piece; but it is much more fun to be a farm servant.

## OUR FRIEND THE LOCUST

The modern way of making use of our waste products has now extended to our friend the locust.

Hitherto, when myriads have been killed they have been destroyed. Now, it seems, French manufacturers of fertilisers have made an offer to the Governor of Tunis to buy up locusts to be turned into manure. It is hoped in the next locust season to meet this demand.

It would indeed be strange if an insect that has been hitherto associated with the destruction of crops should become a fertiliser of new growth.



## HARVEST TIME AGAIN IN THE GOLDEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND



A ride home from the harvest field



Girl workers on a Devonshire farm



The reaping machine at work in Essex



Cutting oats by hand near Tewkesbury



The midday meal for horses and men

Harvest scenes are now common throughout the countryside in spite of the fact that so small a proportion of the cereals we consume is grown in the Motherland. According to the Ministry of Agriculture there is a greater area under wheat this year than usual, although both barley and oats show a decreased acreage.



## SHIPYARDS SILENT AS THE GRAVE The Tragedy of the Facts

At the end of June there were only about 1,100,000 tons of merchant shipping under construction in all the world, to which total the chief contributors were:

Great Britain .. .. .	280,000
Italy .. .. .	180,000
United States .. .. .	162,000
France .. .. .	128,000
Germany .. .. .	103,000

The British figure is the lowest for over 50 years. Even this statement does not bring out fully the hard case of our shipbuilders, for of the 280,000 tons under construction no less than 159,000 represent ships work on which has been suspended. Actual work is being done on only about 120,000 tons of new British merchant ships.

Yet the world has now 2000 million people, so that the actual need for ships is greater than ever before. Thus the world, through its own folly, has retraced the steps of progress and put out of action one of the finest industries.

Ships have made the world what it is by transporting people and goods. They are the agents of discovery, of enterprise, of trade, of civilisation. They are indispensable, yet the world's shipyards are mainly idle, as though ships were toys that could be discarded.

We know of no fact which should more seriously challenge attention than that our splendid shipyards have become as silent as the grave.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE BLIND Doubling the Number of Braille Books

Sooner or later it had to happen, but nobody thought the dream of nearly all blind people could come true at once.

For many years there have been discussions and controversies, as wearisome as those over Charing Cross Bridge, on the question of adopting a common system of Braille for all English speakers.

If every Westminster committee meeting would decide matters as quickly as the conference lately held there it would be a good thing for London. After only two days a complete agreement was made that the system of Braille should be henceforth practically the same on both sides of the Atlantic, and a blind reader will soon be able to read with the same ease any of the books published in either country.

Books available for the blind will now be almost doubled, for the National Institute for the Blind is already making arrangements for an exchange of all Braille literature printed in Great Britain and America, so that the darkness of many lives will be made brighter by knowledge of a far wider world of the imagination.

## A BLACK GIRL'S WALK TO SCHOOL

Creeping like a snail unwillingly to school is not the way of pupils attending the girls' school at Hope Fountain, a station of the London Missionary Society near Bulawayo.

So popular is this boarding-school that the headmistress has been obliged to take in more girls than the hundred for which the building is intended.

One girl arrived the other day from a remote country district in Selukwe. She had come by train as far as she could, and then had to get out, for her money was all spent.

Carrying her belongings, she walked twenty miles to Hope Fountain. Her mother is a widow, and cannot possibly pay the school fees, but the girl came on the chance that she might be taken as a working pupil. She begged hard to be allowed to stay, and the headmistress could not refuse her.

## A FALSE ECONOMY Selling a Pier For Ten Shillings

At a time when public bodies are being encouraged and even tempted to practise many false economies attention is directed to the fact that the urban council of Bognor was so ill-advised some time before the war as to sell its pier for the nominal sum of ten shillings.

They apparently thought this was a good stroke of business, and that they were ridding themselves of a burden. The pier needed repairs calling for a considerable expenditure, and this they thought it a business-like thing to avoid by getting rid of the whole property. The private company which had thus acquired a pier for ten shillings turned it into an excellent concern, and it is now said to be doing well.

Thus Bognor parted with the nucleus of a fine property which would have brought in good revenue in relief of the rates, a much more profitable enterprise than an attempt to change its name.

## A MONUMENTAL COW

Seattle in the United States is not ungrateful. It has immortalised its prize cow in bronze.

This deserving creature gave over 16,000 quarts of milk a year for two years running. Her complete output was 33,922 quarts of milk and 2865 pounds of butter.

She is no longer with us, but now she stands on a pedestal in Seattle's park, with a plate below on which her record is inscribed.

The statue is larger than life.

It is not the only statue in existence to worthy representatives of her race. At the corners of the tower of Laon Cathedral in France are stone sculptures of the oxen who helped to drag the stones of the cathedral to the height above the plain.

But the Seattle cow is the largest one in bronze, though we seem to remember an ancient jest about the milkman's iron cow—the pump.

## 75 YEARS AGO IN LONDON CITY

Looking back to the year of its foundation the City Press draws this picture of Then and Now.

In 1857 Newgate Market, called as of old time the Shambles, with its slaughter-houses, was still in existence, but the removal to Smithfield was being discussed.

Holborn Viaduct had not been built or even contemplated.

The Metropolitan Railway had not come, although Charles Pearson, called the Mad City Solicitor for his pains, had worked to bring about the construction of an Underground for a decade.

There was no Thames Embankment. Sanitation was deplorable, for main drainage had no existence.

Southwark Bridge had not been relieved of toll.

The Tower Bridge had not even been suggested.

The value of the City in 1854 was reported as being £953,110. The rateable value of the City is now, approximately, £9,000,000.

## AN ELEPHANT IN EVIDENCE

A travelling circus encamped recently at one of the seaside resorts of the North, and the trainer of the animals called at the post office for letters.

There were several awaiting him, but the young lady asked if he would show her some papers to prove he was the man he claimed to be.

The circus man thought hard for a moment, and then, taking the young lady to the door, asked, "Would this be sufficient, miss?" The girl was completely satisfied, for, patiently waiting, there was the largest proof anyone could wish for, the circus man's elephant!

## THOUSANDS OF MILES FOR PENNIES Cheap Carriage by Sea

The modern ship gives us sea carriage so cheap that few people realise at what small cost the necessities of life are brought across the oceans.

Lord Essendon gives us the following average costs of bringing our common commodities to England:

Wheat from Canada, 27 lb for 1d
Flour from Canada, 8 lb for 1d
Sugar from Cuba, 14 lb for 1d
Cotton from Egypt, 6 lb for 1d
Meat from South America, about 2 lb for 1d

When we remember that these voyages are of some 3000 to 6000 miles we realise how extraordinarily economical sea transport can be.

## A SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND MAN'S DOG

At Wallasey there is a school for dogs. Most of the pupils are Alsations, which are taught to serve as guides to blind people.

Like boys and girls, they had examinations at the end of the summer term, and they did so well that the Committee of the Guide Dog Fund intends to train many more dogs in the future.

Obedience orders is by no means all these dogs are taught. They learn to take the initiative. By signals given by means of a handle attached to the harness a dog is taught to pull back at a kerb or stair, to sit down at sight of approaching traffic, and to lean aside and lead its blind master round any obstacle in his path.

## A SUNNY THOUGHT

A dozen or so little cripples lie in their open-air pavilion at the Roberts Memorial Home in Harrogate being cured by the Sun. They are part of the largest family in the world, those 8000 boys and girls who are known as Dr Barnardo's Children.

There is sunshine on their beds and there is sunshine in their hearts, as one can tell from the gurgling laughter that drifts across the lawn from this ward.

In the centre is the name Sunshine Ward, and the name of the donor, and after it the words: "In memory of her Mother and Father who passed into the Eternal Sunshine, June 1924, and November 1925."

## A DEAF AND DUMB CHOIR

Yorkshire claims to possess the first and only deaf and dumb choir in the country.

This has been formed at the Dewsbury and Batley Deaf and Dumb Institute. It is composed of four women who, by synchronised signs, convey words of hymns being sung to deaf and dumb members. They have taken part in one church service, and preparations are being made to take part in another one at Dewsbury.

It is expected that this experiment will be tried in other parts of the country, as it realises a long-expressed desire by deaf and dumb people who attend church to be able to follow the singing of the hymns.

## THE ARMY OF THE POOR

The Ministry of Health shows that at the end of March this year there were 1,188,077 persons in England and Wales in receipt of poor relief.

This great figure is about 150,000 more than at the end of March last year. The figures include men, women, and children, and actually amount to roundly one in 32 of the population.

These facts are the more serious when we remember that the relief of these people is quite apart from the payment of unemployment benefit under the Unemployment Insurance Acts.

In addition we have also to add some 200,000 men, women, and children who are in receipt of poor relief in Scotland.

## THE A.A. AND THE COUNTRYSIDE Joining the Spoilers

We yield to none in our admiration of the good work done for the country by the A.A. It patrols our roads and makes them safer for us all.

But we yield to none in our disappointment with the A.A. in its continual spoiling of trees.

One of the most glaring cases is at Turner's Hill in Sussex, where a magnificent tree stands on a green bank. The hill looks down at us as we rise to this great height of the Downs, and on it are nailed two notices. One of them is unreadable to motorists passing by, and therefore quite unpardonable; the other is the round disc of the A.A. telling motorists where they are.

It seems to us an unpardonable sin against the countryside that the A.A. should join the spoilers for no better reason than the saving of a little trouble in fixing its signs on a post. A tree is one of the loveliest things in God's garden, and should not be used as if it were merely something to hang an advertisement on.

## A MODERN SOLOMON

Albania is a little country which may well be proud of her king.

He has had a hard task, and his work is still unfinished: but through it all he has won the affection of his people.

King Zogu was elected President in 1925 and king three years later, and he is still uncrowned. He will not spend the vast sum necessary for this ceremony because he wants it to help his people.

When he took the reins Albania had 25 Turkish elementary schools, all in towns, and the countryside had no schools at all. Now there are 200 schools among the villages, and in the towns are five grammar schools, three industrial schools, and one commercial school. There are more than 50 post and telegraph offices where King Zogu found 12.

One of King Zogu's hardest tasks is to rid his land of the tradition of vendetta and revenge, but even here he has made good headway, and has established just laws.

## THE CUB AT THE BRIDGE

One more proof of the value of the Scout Movement was shown the other day in South Rhodesia.

John Karschel, a Cub belonging to a Salisbury Pack, was fishing in the Gwebi River when his sharp eyes discovered that something was wrong with the bridge. One of the concrete piers supporting the girders was badly cracked, and was already breaking away.

John was not the kind of boy to run any risks; he was the good Scout who knows what to do in an emergency. He ran with all his might until he found the engineer, who saw that the damage was serious, and closed the bridge.

John was a proud Cub a few days later when the postman brought him letters of appreciation from his headmaster and from the Roads Department, commending him for the valuable service he had rendered.

## CONTROLLING A STOCK EXCHANGE

One of Mussolini's latest acts is to take control of the Italian Stock Exchange.

The stockbrokers have now to work under close regulation and the officials of the Stock Exchange become, in effect, civil servants.

Signor Mussolini has again and again expressed his determination to curb financial jugglery and to make it difficult or impossible for work to be injured by speculation.



## NEXT WEEK'S ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

### A HUNDRED PRECIOUS SECONDS

#### What the Astronomers in Canada Hope To See

#### VENUS AND MARS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The worlds of Venus and Mars now appear quite near one another in the early morning sky.

The rosy-tinted little Mars is above the radiant Venus in the east, where both may be seen to the best advantage between 3.30 and 5 o'clock, after which the dawn will dim them both and render Mars invisible.

The beauty of the scene will be enhanced on Sunday morning by the presence of the crescent Moon, a little way above the two planets.

Although Venus and Mars appear to be so close together they are actually about 135 million miles apart. Venus is much the nearer to us, some 55 million miles away; Mars is 190 million miles away.

#### The Crescent Moon

But Venus is rapidly receding from us, racing away into regions far beyond the Sun, and therefore diminishing in size and lustre. Mars is increasing, because we are gradually approaching him, so that by next winter he will be a brilliant and interesting object in the night sky.

The crescent Moon, which we hope to see near these two planets on Sunday, will be seen on the following morning to have gone a considerable way to the left of and below them. Obviously the Moon is getting between our world and the Sun; by Wednesday, August 31, she will actually pass exactly between them.

In consequence of this the Moon will entirely blot out the Sun for from 95 to 102 seconds, partially obscuring it for nearly two hours for observers on the central line of this eclipse of the Sun.

#### A Narrow Strip

Unfortunately for us in Britain this eclipse will begin about half an hour after the Sun has set. This, together with the fact that the Moon's shadow will be cast in a very slanting direction toward the north-west regions of the Earth, will cause the Sun to appear entirely eclipsed over only a narrow strip of Eastern Canada and the United States, as is shown in our picture map on page 5.

There, of course, the time will be afternoon instead of after sunset, as in England. Over a very much larger area the Sun will be seen partially obscured by the Moon. This will include the whole of the eastern half of North America, together with Greenland and the western half of the North Atlantic Ocean.

#### The Glorious Corona

Of all celestial events a total eclipse of the Sun is one of the most desired by astronomers, chiefly because it allows them to study the glorious Corona surrounding it. This Corona extends like an encircling crown, where it can be seen stretching far out into space for some two or three million miles at least.

It appears as a pearly radiance extending outward from the Sun in curved streamers, suggesting an electro-magnetic origin and display. These streamers vary in form and intensity according to the extent to which the Sun is disturbed by its terrific cyclonic storms, which shows that the Corona is associated with, if not caused by, solar eruptive phenomena and the so-called sunspots.

At present it is all a great mystery, and so the best possible use will be made of those hundred precious seconds next Wednesday.

G. F. M.

## L. N. P.

### Summer School at Geneva

Over 100 British boys and girls have returned from the delightful Fourth Annual Session of the Junior Summer School at Geneva, which lasted through the first week of August.

During the first few days Mr Frederick Whelen and other experts talked on the origin and working of the League of Nations. Later on definite subjects were tackled, such as the World Economic Crisis, Disarmament, and the Japanese dispute; and the ways in which the International Labour Office and the Permanent Court of International Justice were run were explained.

#### Discussion Groups

The great feature of this, as of earlier sessions, was to be found in the small discussion groups which met almost every day, when under adult leaders the boys and girls talked over the subjects they had heard about.

Wednesday and Friday were given up to excursions, to Chamonix and the famous Château de Chillon. Many members of the school also paid a visit to the Swiss National Camp of Boy Scouts for the celebrations of the Swiss National Fête Day.

The interest that is being taken in the work of the school by educational authorities is illustrated by the presence throughout as warden of the Boy's Hostel of Mr Lyon, Headmaster of Rugby, who preached at a special service in the cathedral on the first Sunday morning of the visit.

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: **L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.**



The L.N.P. Badge

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. Office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

### SIR WILLIAM

There was a bluff old sea dog called Bill on H.M.S. Nelson until the other day. Now we hear that he is called Bill no longer, and this is why.

When the King recently visited the Home Fleet he stood on the quarter-deck of the Nelson, which is the flagship, while the ship's company marched past. With the smart sailors waddled Bill the bulldog, the ship's mascot.

But when Bill saw the King and Admiral Sir John Kelly standing there he broke away from the man who was leading him and ran straight to his Majesty, grinning as only bulldogs can grin, and wagging his ugly old hindquarters in the friendliest fashion.

The King stooped to pat him, and a seaman murmured:

"Oo! Bill's been knighted."

Now the Home Fleet talks about Sir William.

### C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

#### What is the Origin of the Phrase Caught Red-Handed?

This phrase first applied to a person caught in the crime of homicide. It has come to be applied to any crime or misdemeanour.

#### Which is the Biggest Suspended Bell in the World?

A bell at Moscow weighing 128 tons. Moscow also has the largest unsuspended bell, which weighs 198 tons, is 19 feet high, and 60 feet round the rim.

#### Why is There a Hole in the Dome of the Pantheon at Rome?

This round opening 27 feet across is for lighting purposes, for which it is the sole source. It was a symbol that all worship of the gods should be performed in a building open to the vault of heaven.

## SPEED AMONG THE SLEEPERS

### Keeping the Railway Tracks in Repair

#### A ROBOT CLEANS THE SACKS

British railways pride themselves on the care they take of their tracks. Maintenance work is always going on.

The L.M.S. has lately installed some new plant at its creosote works at Beeston, near Nottingham, where 365,000 sleepers are produced every year. These sleepers and other timber treated at the works account for a million gallons of creosote in twelve months.

Two great creosoting cylinders 79 feet long, with a diameter of six and a half feet, each holds 450 sleepers, and the creosote is applied to them at a high pressure with the aid of electrically-driven pumps.

Before the cylinders reach the creosote cylinders they have been cut to size and trimmed, and have had holes for screws bored in them by a machine which prepares six sleepers every minute.

Later the chairs which carry the rails are screwed to the sleepers by two new machines, each of which can deal with five sleepers a minute.

It certainly appears to be a case of speed among the sleepers.

#### An Uncanny Machine

Another machine, almost uncanny in its ability to do the work of men, has been adopted by the L.M.S. for cleaning its three-quarters of a million sacks.

It consists of a big tube, over which the mouth of the sack is held. The tube is then supplied with an inward pressure, and the sack is sucked up the tube and turned inside out. While in this position (with a mechanical device providing that the corners are properly turned) the air suction draws all dirt out of the material.

As soon as it is clean, the sack is pulled out of the tube, put on again, and again sucked inside out, so that it is now in its original shape.

### WHO WAS LIVINGSTONE?

Born Blantyre, 1813. Died Ilala, 1873.

David Livingstone began work as a piecer in a cotton factory at ten. With his first wages he bought a Latin grammar. His evenings were devoted to study, although he had to be in his place at the factory by six in the morning.

At 19 he was able to attend classes for medicine, Greek, and divinity. He had made up his mind to be a missionary.

In 1840 he went to Africa as doctor and missionary among the Bechuana. In 1844 he married a daughter of his friend Dr Moffat.

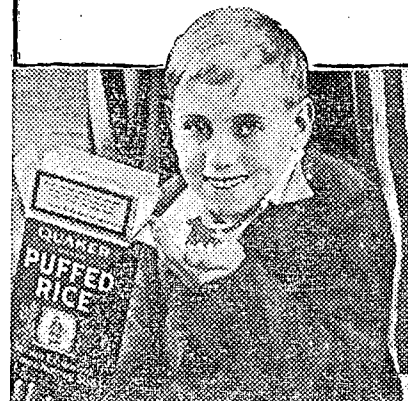
In 1848 he began his famous travels. He discovered Lake Ngami in 1849; explored the Zambesi and Kuanza basins to Loanda, 1851-4; recrossed the continent from Loanda to Quilimane, discovering the Victoria Falls, in 1855; led a Government expedition up the Zambesi and Shire Rivers, and discovered Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-9; explored the Rovuma Valley in 1866, the Chambezi in 1867, and Lakes Tanganyika, Moero, and Bangweolo, 1867-9; was at Ujiji in 1869; navigated Tanganyika, and was relieved when in precarious plight by Stanley, at Ujiji, in 1871; parted from Stanley in 1872, and returned to Lake Bangweolo.

During these years he battled strenuously against the slave trade. He suffered severely from privation and fever and dysentery. He succumbed at last at Ilala. His faithful native servants found him dead. He passed away as he knelt at prayer.

The natives embalmed his body and carried it to the coast, to be brought home and laid in Westminster Abbey.

Livingstone was a great Christian hero, a bold and skilful explorer, whose services to humanity and to geography were of the highest order.

## Breakfast time ... "Snack" time ... Any time



Know what it's like to be hungry on holiday? Of course you do! And there's one way of satisfying the "empty" feeling between meals. Try Puffed Rice, the crunchy cereal that's so appetising and nourishing yet oh, so delicious. Ask Johnny.



Johnny has a sister who keeps her eye on the Puffed Rice packet, too. There's delicious nourishment inside and somebody must prevent Johnny from taking Father's share.

Whether it's breakfast time, "snack" time—any time, Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat make delightful fare. The whole family relish the crisp crunchiness . . . now even more crunchy because of "twice crisping."

Mother appreciates their economy and their convenience . . . they are served straight from the packet. She praises their nourishment . . . Puffed Wheat is the whole wheat grain, Puffed Rice is specially selected rice, and both are puffed to make them completely digestible . . . wholesome delicious foods for everybody.



★ This is the new "Seal Krisp" packet, which prevents any damp or variations in temperature affecting the contents. Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are made extra crisp by the new "twice-crisping" process, and the new packet keeps them so.

## PUFFED RICE ALSO PUFFED WHEAT

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London.



## THE SLOW-MOTION PITCH

### IS CRICKET TO DIE?

Kent and Gloucester Show  
What Might Be Done

### SHOULD THE BOWLER SCORE?

By a Lover of Cricket

County Cricket is in a bad way. For years it has been in depression. Even the county clubs who in the old days had splendid incomes have found it very difficult to carry on.

This is a great pity, for if the county clubs fail the national game will suffer irretrievably.

There are those who think cricket has definitely lost popularity because the rate of scoring has become slow. It may be doubted, however, whether county cricket is slower now than of old.

In the old days, when county cricket drew great crowds of spectators, many of the great players were slow. Notable examples were the famous William Gunn and the not less famous Shrewsbury. Shrewsbury consistently blocked most of the balls he received. He had some very pretty strokes, but his normal action was "tap, tap, tap, block."

#### A General Speed-Up

Why, then, does cricket seem slow today? Probably because life generally has been speeded up. This may be good or it may be bad, but it is a fact. Take an instance from sport. In tennis a girl today may be seen sending in a smashing service faster than any man thought of delivering forty years ago. A host of sporting records have been broken in recent years, and still we go on breaking them. Cricket has become slow in comparison with the general speed-up.

On the whole, however, there is much to be said for the speeding-up of cricket. It certainly is painful at times to see a strong man content to play for safety.

#### Get On or Get Out

Cricket differs from every other game in a particular point which makes for safety play; a single ball may bring an innings to an end. If the player does not keep up his wicket he ceases to play for a considerable period. Obviously that encourages cautious play.

When that is said, however, there remains room for criticism. A new "public opinion" in cricket might bring about a more adventurous type of batting, which would aspire to *get on or get out*. That established, the three-day county cricket match might disappear, and a day be found quite long enough for each side to play two innings. When, with freer play and less caution, an innings came to swift termination, the batsman would know that his second chance would soon come.

And who can doubt that if people knew that a county cricket match was to be begun and ended in a single day's play there would be a much better attendance of spectators?

#### How To Make Batsmen Hit

Another suggestion of interest, which would compel batsmen to hit, would be the introduction of scoring by the bowler. Let us see how this would work. The batsman would score as he does now, by reason of runs made between wickets. The bowler would score by reason of delivering either a maiden over or so many successive balls off which the batsman failed to score.

If the over consisted of six balls, the bowler might be allowed to score two if no run were made off any of the balls of the over, or he might be allowed to score one for any three consecutive balls off which the batsman failed to score. Thus both sides would be scoring at the same time, and the score of the innings might read that the batting side had made 250 while the bowling side had scored 50. The batsmen, knowing that if they did not score the bowler would do so, would be compelled to play brightly.

## FREAK PYTHON AND A RARE OPOSSUM

Interesting Collection of  
Albinos at the Zoo

## THE SARUS CRANES AT WHIPSNADE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has received a valuable and decorative present from Singapore consisting of an albino reticulated python.

In recent years the menagerie has had for a very short period an albino example of the cobra and also one of the common grass snake, but albino reptiles are rare: this is the first white python to be exhibited at the Zoo.

He is a most distinctive creature, about seven feet long. His body is pure white except for a number of yellow streaks which correspond to the black markings on a normal python, and the general effect is to make him look like a china ornament moulded in the form of a snake. The eyes of the freak python are naturally a decided pink, and his tongue, instead of being black, is also pink with white spots on the forked tip.

#### A White Wallaby

In common with many albinos this white snake has a shy disposition, and seems lacking in energy. He dislikes exposure to strong light and shrinks from publicity, and to avoid these two evils he tries to hide behind the tree trunk with which his cage is furnished.

The Zoo has also acquired an albino wallaby, a striking-looking animal believed to be the first albino member of the kangaroo family seen in the Gardens.

Some years ago the Zoo had a white kangaroo, but this animal was not a pure albino, for his eyes were black.

The eyes of another newcomer to the menagerie, a white opossum, prove that he is not an albino, but a white variety of the dusky opossum. But this makes the opossum none the less valuable, for white opossums are rare.

Other new animals in the menagerie include two albino monkeys and an albino hedgehog. The hedgehog is a shy, quaint little creature; he is very reluctant to show off his snowy underside and pink eyes, and prefers to be seen as a ball of dirty-white spines.

#### A Very Tall Bird

Births at Whipsnade have all been of a somewhat commonplace order, but at last an interesting baby creature has arrived on the scene. A pair of Sarus cranes have become the proud and jealous owners of a chick, who is the first of these handsome Asiatic birds to be bred by the Zoo, either in Regent's Park or in the country branch.

The Sarus crane is a most imposing bird nearly as tall as a man and his colouring is French-grey except for his head, which is red. The young bird, who is so small that he is almost covered by the long grass in the paddock, is a delicate biscuit colour.

Continued from the previous column

cricket. The rule about wides would, of course, remain, to prevent the bowler bowling unreachable balls.

In principle, there is really nothing new in this suggested innovation. As things are, the bowler actually scores for the batting side when he bowls either a no-ball or a wide. The bowler thus makes runs for the batting side. Why, then, should not the bowler score runs for his own side by good bowling which forces the batsman to try to score?

The other day Kent and Gloucester showed what could be done by a bright game (played after the conclusion of the County Contest between them), in which 400 runs were scored in two hours.

It was an object lesson in the possibility of the game. Perhaps it may help some of our cricketers to believe that the bat is made to hit with, and that a cricket ball will not explode when hit hard.

## WHERE WORDSWORTH SLEEPS

The Fiddler Leads the  
Rush-Bearers

## CARRYING ON IN AN OLD CHURCH

Wordsworth was buried at Grasmere, near an old church named after Oswald, King of Northumbria in the seventh century.

The other day descendants of Wordsworth and Christopher North came to Grasmere Church for the yearly rush-bearing festival. Wordsworth's kindred must have inherited something of his poetic spirit, for there is surely poetry in the survival of a village festival as old as English life.

When houses had earthen floors they were strewn with rushes. Before carpets were common wooden floors were treated in the same way. Within living memory poor people put clean sand on their floors. Just how old the rush-bearing ceremony is at Grasmere no one knows, but it is known to have been held for more than 300 years.

#### The Procession of the Rushes

The rushes were always cut from the neighbouring lake, and carried in procession round the village, with music. A service was held in the church, followed by a feast.

This year the procession was led by a fiddler playing a lively old tune. Rush-bearing hymns were sung in a church adorned with many garlands of flowers and rushes; the rush-bearers were afterwards given a feast—of gingerbread!

Oswald belonged to an age when this island was changing from paganism to Christianity. We may be certain that the church he knew 1300 years ago was strewn with rushes, and it seems right that the rush-bearing festival should be held in a church named after him.

## A SCULPTOR'S WORK IS DONE

He Made Margaret  
MacDonald's Monument

We are sorry to hear of the death of Richard R. Goulden, the sculptor.

He has given much beautiful work to the country and of an extraordinary variety, ranging from the charming little group of children in the Margaret MacDonald memorial in Lincoln's Inn Fields to the huge statue of Mr Andrew Carnegie in Scotland.

Thousands of passers-by are cheered by the lovely group of children about the shaded seat in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and think of the splendid woman who lived in the square near by, Margaret MacDonald, the wife of our Prime Minister. Those who know where to look can dwell on the beauty of the memorial to the City men at St Michael's, Cornhill, and to the Bank of England men in the garden court.

#### Beautiful Peace Memorials

Mr Goulden was a student of the Royal College of Art, and came out with such flying colours that he was offered the post of art adviser to the Carnegie Trust at Dunfermline.

The Great War altered the whole course of his life. It sent him into the Royal Engineers in 1914 and out to the Front, and when he was invalided home, two years later, kept him busy on reserve and emergency duties. Then when the war was over the work of peace memorials came—a considerable number of which Mr Goulden shaped for home and abroad; and always the soldier who had known the war could commune with the artist who was trying to make something beautiful in connection with it and think how good it was that only the beautiful should be made permanent.

Mr Goulden's last work, just finished before he died of heart failure, was a memorial to the late T. P. O'Connor.

## THE DOG OF WINDMILL HILL

AND THE PREHISTORIC  
BABY WITH MEASLES

Digging Out the History of  
Very Old England

## DIM DARK DAYS OF LONG AGO

The skeleton of a house dog has been dug up by Mr Alexander Keiller on the site of a prehistoric settlement at Windmill Hill near the village of Avebury, in Wiltshire.

This gives us the earliest known remains of a dog which shared the camp fire and helped to finish up the dinner.

Other dog remains have been found near the homes of the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, but the experts say that this large English dog, whose skeleton is so marvellously preserved, is older still.

There was certainly plenty of bones for the dog in those dim dark days of long ago which the prehistorians are bringing to light. No one bothered about hound meal or bad theories of vegetarian diet; bones were enough. In fact, the only thing in which our dog, lying with his nose on our toes as we read the C.N., need envy his millionth great-grandfather is the matter of bones.

#### Snails Were Plentiful

In addition to masses of bones of all kinds, including skeletons of a young pig and a goat, the diggers at Windmill Hill found plentiful remains of snails, which tell their own tale of a damp, undrained, timber-covered country. They also found plenty of tools and hints for artists.

There are the blackbird's bones, for instance. How pleasant to think of the blackbird's flute rising about the clearings of England thousands of years before Jesus was born! And birds singing in our own familiar trees, too, for the excavators have identified wood charcoal made from wild apple trees, oak, elm, poplar, willow, ash, elder, hornbeam, and hazel.

#### The Potter and His Bowl

The blackbirds sang for men who made the most of their limited material. The potters, for instance, used bones to make a pattern. A piece of bowl has been found in this prehistoric settlement with a design made by the thigh bones of a blackbird. The potter amused himself by imprinting a ring round the top of the bowl with a small blackbird's bone and choosing bones a little bigger as he went on, so that the lower rings round the bowl make a heavier pattern.

Perhaps his (or her) little girl picked out the bones for him. That little one could comb her hair with a comb made from the antler of a deer, and her father used picks and rakes made of the same material. Prehistoric men were certainly clever in making the most of what they had.

#### An Awful Name

The excavators must have been very excited when they found the perfect skeleton of a six-months-old baby. And now the scientists who have examined it tell us quite calmly that, judging from the state of the baby's teeth, it had suffered from measles.

They do not say how far the teeth had pushed down the gums; perhaps they expect us to know. But the measles are quite enough to think about—that and the awful name they give the baby, dolichocephalic. It appears the skeletons found in British long barrows answered to this title too.

This digging-out the history of very old England makes fascinating reading, and leaves us musing on that old saying that there is nothing new save that which has been forgotten.



## NOT STONES BUT DEEDS

### Babies in a War Memorial

From a Travelling Correspondent

The last of our great War Memorials in France has been unveiled by the Prince of Wales. One of our travelling correspondents sends us these notes of another.

He heard us speaking English as we pointed with our umbrellas to the map carved in the granite of the great war memorial overlooking the valley of the Marne near Château-Thierry. "Here Big Bertha stood to fire on Paris," I said, bringing my umbrella to a stop at a place hard by. Then the man came up to tell us that there was a plaque farther on explaining everything.

We said we were much impressed by the beauty of the monument, and he was pleased, because he was the director of monuments, of stone monuments, that is to say.

"But have you seen the best monument of all?" he asked, "where they have the babies, back there in Château-Thierry?"

We had not. He advised us not to miss it. That was his idea of a war memorial, he said, all worked out in cribs and nursing bottles and toys on the floor. It was thus that we came upon the House of Friendliness in Château-Thierry.

#### The House of Friendliness

It was a windowless, doorless, roofless wreck in 1918; today it is whole and smiling and clean, a living memorial to the men who fell in the war, presented to the town by American Methodists.

In the early days after the war, when the people came back to take up life again in the ruins, the centre was useful as a place for distributing food and clothing, as well as a place for the children to come to work or to play. Now that normal life has been re-established the house goes on being useful as a place for old and young to gather for club and Scout meetings, for reading in the well-run libraries, for concerts and amateur theatricals in the little theatre, for games in the games room, for doing lessons, and for leaving the baby all day, under competent care if the mother is widowed or poor.

One of the specially friendly things about this House of Friendliness is a little kitchen on the top floor dedicated to the use of the boys and girls of Château-Thierry. It is here that the Scouts and Guides assemble the things they need for their picnics and excursions.

The house serves all denominations alike and charges no fee for its service. Its records show that it receives about 17,000 visits a year.

## A WOMAN'S V.C.

### New Thing-To See in London

Until 1920 no woman could receive the Victoria Cross, yet a Victoria Cross presented to a woman in 1869 has just found its way to the United Service Museum in Whitehall.

The woman who won it was a Victorian maiden who married a young soldier and went to India with him. Cholera broke out. Mrs Webber Harris nursed the men of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers with the devotion of a Florence Nightingale. She knew the terrible danger of infection, but she was not afraid. She was a delicately nurtured lady of Victorian England, but she did not shrink from the horrors of the disease.

The officers of the regiment declared that such gallantry deserved the highest of all rewards, the V.C. When they learned that she could not receive the official V.C. they subscribed to have one made for her in gold, and it was presented to her by Sir Samuel Browne, a V.C. himself, who commanded the Peshawar garrison at the time.

This V.C. and a miniature of the heroine have been lent to the museum.

## NAMES

### A Book About Them

What Is Your Surname? By W. D. Bowman. (Faber and Faber. 7s 6d).

This fascinating history book of surnames shows us there may be much more than we think in the surname which has been passed down to us through the centuries by our ancestors. Reading only a few pages we see a new significance in the lists of familiar surnames in our street directory and telephone book.

Although surnames only came into fashion after the Conquest many of them come from place and personal names immeasurably older. They are, in fact, half as old as Time, and make a living link between the present and the dim past.

*Oh, no man knows  
Through what wild centuries  
Roves back the rose*

writes Walter de la Mare. We might say the same of many a name. Nations have perished and decayed, empires have vanished, but the names of people and places have lived on in the memories of their few survivors and have been thus transmitted to posterity.

The name Alexander, with the surnames that have come from it of Sanders and Saunders, has persisted since the time of this great hero, who lived three centuries before the Christian era. In medieval times his praises were sung by wandering minstrels all over our little island, and thousands of Scots children were given this name, which soon developed into a common surname.

#### Chivalry and Romance

There are echoes of the days of chivalry and romance in the London telephone directory, in which we read such names as Tristram, Percival, and Lance, a shortened form of Lancelot. Guinevere has now become Jennifer, Gawain is now Gavin, and Isolt has become Izzard.

These names are reminders of the story of Arthur, which was once as widely popular as the Song of Roland, whose name still lives in the surnames Rowland, Rolls, and Rowlandson.

London, which has given an English surname, was an old name gone out of use, so one of the Roman settlers declared. In his day it was given the grand Roman name of Augusta. But the older name has persisted, though the Roman Empire has since fallen into ruins and the city by the Thames has been under the sway of Saxons, Danes, Normans, and Englishmen.

#### Light on Old Customs

Through surnames derived from places we can trace the places of origin of our ancestors and the addresses at which they lived. Occupational names not only disclose the calling or business of many of them, but have thrown light on the customs and habits of social life in the Middle Ages. The Weaver or Webber was one of our oldest craftsmen. Turner was an occupation in most counties, for many domestic articles were turned on the lathe before glass came into daily use.

Caldecott, which means the cold dwelling, is a reminder of the clusters of decayed villas that dotted the Roman roads of the Middle Ages. It is believed that pilgrims and travellers often used these ruined villas as shelters for the night because of the shortage of inns when so many people were on the roads. Newcastle still retains the old name given to it when the Romans built a new castle here on the Tyne.

Pontefract reminds us that there was a Roman bridge at this place, which had been broken.

Of every 100 men in the British Army 86 were children during the war.

About 30 boys from 15 English public schools have been touring Canada with a guide from Eton.



## "I'll race you for the World's Record"

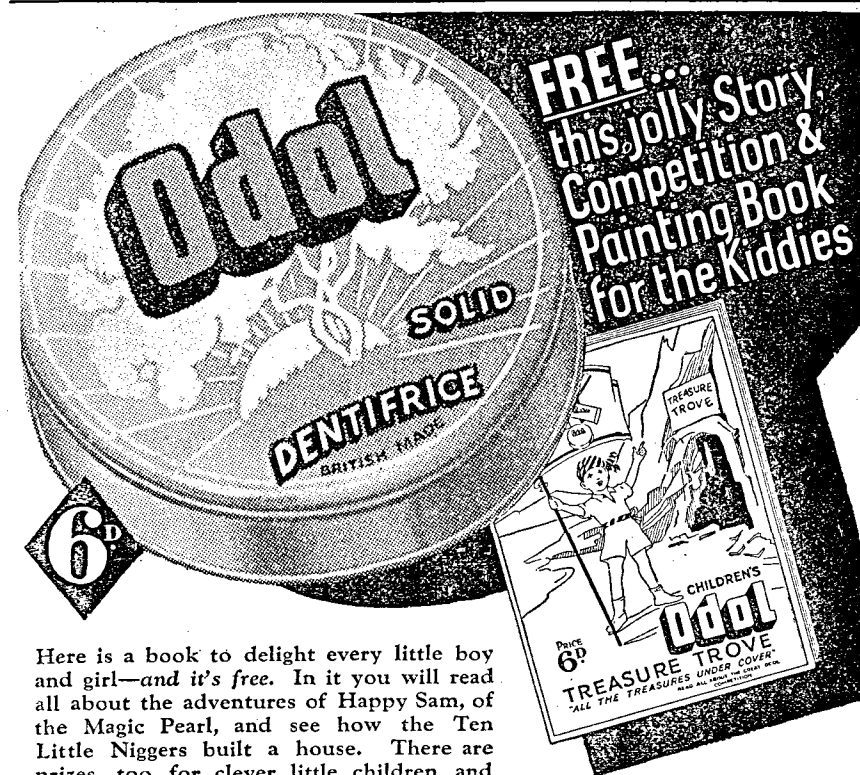
says the Jolly Golly

I will win, too, because 'Golden Shred' always wins. Don't you just love 'Golden Shred,' the orange juice marmalade? All little boys and girls should eat 'Golden Shred'... because it is made from orange juice and pure sugar.

**FREE:** On forwarding one outside wrapper from 'Golden Shred' Marmalade and two from 'Golden Shred' Jams, a beautiful Gollywog Mascot Brooch will be sent FREE. Be careful to enclose your full name and address when sending to: MASCOT, 'Golden Shred' Works, Catford, London, S.E.

## 'Golden Shred'

### THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE



Here is a book to delight every little boy and girl—and it's free. In it you will read all about the adventures of Happy Sam, of the Magic Pearl, and see how the Ten Little Niggers built a house. There are prizes, too, for clever little children and painting pages which will look just lovely when you finish them. All you need to do to get one of these books is to send two of the silver seals from the inside wrapping of Odol Solid Dentifrice together with your name and address to CRANBUX LIMITED, ODOL WORKS (Dept. C.N.), NORWICH.

Odol Solid Dentifrice is best for Children's Teeth — it keeps them white, polishes them gently and does not harm the enamel. The patent lacquered aluminium container is hygienic and even when wet will not discolour the dentifrice.

## Odol SOLID DENTIFRICE

### LARGE SIZE TIN - 6"



# THE SEEKERS

Serial Story by  
Martin Cobb

## CHAPTER 15

### The Professor Makes a Slip

THE two boys, gasping, fell rather than ran through the oaken door of Jerry's home. The great hall within was warmly lighted, and all seemed as usual. Keith and Jerry dropped on a chest to get back their breath. A moment later Parker came out of the dining-room on his way to the library.

"Parker!" called Jerry softly.

The old man turned, and started.

"Why, Master Jerry! What a state you're in! You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"I have!" returned Jerry grimly. "Tell me, Parker, is everything all right here?"

"As right as it can be," said the old servant sombrely, "with a black man in the library."

Jerry, after a momentary consultation with Keith, said:

"Mr Foster and I are going straight to our rooms for the night. When you have seen Professor Carrington and his man well out of the house will you just nip up and tell us?"

"I will, Master Jerry," said Parker with emphasis. "The idea of a guest at Horfield Hall having a black man standing behind his chair all the evening! He's got a knife under those robes of his too! I saw it."

Jerry glanced at Keith significantly.

With that the old butler continued his way across the hall, and the boys rather reluctantly went up the stairs. They longed to have a final look into the library, but Sir William had explicitly ordered them not to show themselves.

Their impatience, however, overcame them when, later on, they heard voices in the hall below. Jerry, cautiously crawling across the floor in order to peep unseen through the banisters, saw Keith come in the same way through his own door.

Jerry grinned, and hailed his friend in a whisper.

"I felt I must see the fellow out of the house," whispered Keith, as he joined Jerry in peering down to the hall. There stood Parker, holding the open door; there stood Sir William, rosy and kind as ever; there stood the Professor with his tall, inscrutable Arab servant behind him.

"I have been sorry not to see your clever young nephew and his friend," Professor Carrington was remarking. "I hope they have not gone away from home for a long stay?"

"No, no! Not for long."

Sir William blushed, for the whitest prevarication made him uncomfortable.

"Ah! That is good news. We should miss their cheerful young faces." With that he turned and looked straight at the two confused faces peering at him from the floor above. "Good evening, boys," he called out.

Feeling utter asses, the two boys rose from the floor and stumbled in confusion down the stairs. There seemed nothing else to do. As for poor Sir William, he was purple with embarrassment.

"I asked the boys to dine alone tonight because—"

"Oh, quite, quite," said the Professor soothingly. "Quite."

"Quite," said poor Sir William.

"But it is an unexpected pleasure to see them. I was hoping for a little talk," continued the Professor, unperturbed. "Perhaps, as they have been shut away all the evening, they will be so good as to accompany me across the park?"

Even Sir William seemed to catch a hint of the unusual in the man's voice. Or did he? Jerry wondered, and listened for his uncle's reply. When it came it sounded ordinary enough.

"We will all walk with you," he said. "I have been working at my desk all the day, and should find a stroll in the night air very pleasant."

"Now for it," murmured Keith at Jerry's shoulder as they all went out into the drive, the huge Arab bringing up the rear. Jerry glanced back and saw the old butler looking after them rather anxiously from the door.

"Oh, Parker!" he called. "Tell Jenkins I shall want a word with him before he goes off duty for the night."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir," said Parker promptly. "I'll see he is ready for you here, sir."

"Good old Parker!" murmured Keith. "Very devoted, aren't they, these old family retainers," remarked the Professor, now scarcely troubling to keep the sneer out of his voice.

Jerry turned hard on him.

"Yes, indeed," he said with emphasis.

"Parker is a good man."

"A good man!" echoed the Professor, mimicking his tone to perfection. "Good! You English always have that word in your mouths. Good and right—I wonder you do not tire of saying them all the time!"

Sir William looked at his guest in gentle surprise. The man was a chameleon. It was not thus that he had talked in the pleasant evening just passed.

But the man was not speaking to Sir William now. He was talking directly to the two boys, whom he suspected of many things. He was also off his guard.

"These words are feeble and tiresome," he continued. "Why do you not substitute for them greater words—power, might?"

"There is power in those 'feeble' words, goodness and right," said Sir William quietly. "I should be very sorry if they were less to be heard on English lips."

Professor Carrington glanced at him and went on as if disdainfully to answer.

"You, English and Americans, all of you, are too soft—"

He caught himself up, and Keith glanced at Jerry. So the man was not an American. The Professor hurried on, as if trying to cover his slip.

"Power! Power! It's the only thing that matters. Those who have power need take no account of that little word right."

"I am sorry to hear a scholar and gentleman of your attainments speak so," said Sir William, turning his head, for Carrington had dropped behind the others as they followed a path through the park. It was a single footpath, dark and thickly overhung with the fine old trees which were Sir William's pride. Jerry was leading the single file, then came Keith, then Sir William. Behind him were Carrington and the Arab servant.

Suddenly the old man uttered a cry and fell. The boys whirled round to see what had happened, and a low-hanging twig struck sharply across Jerry's face. He thought nothing of it, being concerned with the plight of his uncle, who was struggling to sit up, while Carrington bent over him solicitously.

## CHAPTER 16

### The Dead Branch

"HERE, SAID," said Carrington to his servant. "Carry Sir William back to the house. I'm afraid he has broken his leg," he added gravely to the boys.

"Jenkins!" shouted Jerry, while Keith helped the old man to a sitting position.

"How did it happen, sir?" asked Keith.

"I stepped on something that moved from under my foot and threw me down," said Sir William faintly.

"That sounds very curious," said Keith.

"What could it have been?"

"I'll look for it," said Jerry grimly; "meanwhile, keep that Arab's hands off my uncle!"

"I merely offered my servant's help in the hope that he might be useful," said Carrington, with just the right shade of reproach in his voice.

Meanwhile Jenkins and Parker had come hastily on the scene. With Jenkins's help the boys made a chair of their hands and got the old gentleman to the house. Carrington made as if to follow, but Jerry said "Good-night!" so sharply that Carrington bowed sardonically and turned to leave.

"I'm so very sorry that this should have happened," said Sir William, his natural courtesy bearing him up in spite of his pain. "I hope I shall soon be able to see you and finish our talk on Greek antiquities, though I shall not, as I had hoped, be able to call upon you at the inn."

"Were you going to call on that man, Uncle?" asked Jerry, as soon as Carrington had disappeared in the darkness.

"Yes, I proposed myself," said Sir William.

Further discussion was impossible until the old gentleman had been made comfortable in bed and the doctor sent for. Then Jerry seized his opportunity.

"Why did you say you proposed yourself, Uncle?"

"Because that's what I did. Professor Carrington had been speaking about some very interesting Greek antiquities which he has with him, and which he offered to bring here for me to see. I protested that he must not go to that trouble, that I would give myself the pleasure of calling upon him at the inn tomorrow morning."

"And what did he say to that, sir?" asked Keith breathlessly.

"He said nothing at all," said Sir William, with a puzzled look on his kind face. "But I confess that he looked at me rather queerly, and the idea struck me that for some reason he was unwilling that I should visit his rooms."

"I can guess why," remarked Jerry. "Keith and I have been in his rooms."

"What!"

"Yes, we broke in—or rather broke out. We think he is hiding your vase there."

"This is a very serious thing you have done, my boy," said Sir William gravely.

"Yes, sir. We know it. And if we have done the man an injustice we will both make him a beautiful apology," said Jerry; then, his feelings becoming too much for him, he burst out, "Uncle, can't you see the man is an outsider? Your accident tonight, for example. That looks very queer to me."

"Jerry, you don't mean to infer that this gentleman deliberately made me break my leg! That's an outrageous thing to suggest!"

"It's an even more outrageous thing to do," replied Jerry stubbornly. "And it will serve to keep you from seeing his rooms, won't it?"

Jerry rubbed his face nervously as he spoke, for it had pained him increasingly ever since the branch had struck it in the park. Until now he had been too preoccupied with other things to give it much attention.

Keith, who had been thinking deeply, and had taken little part in the conversation, now uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter with your face, Jerry? It's all swollen down one side."

"Mumps, I suppose," said Jerry gloomily, still wondering how he could get his unsuspicious uncle to realise the situation.

"Well, you can call it mumps if you like," returned Keith, "but it looks uncommonly like my hands last night."

Jerry went to a mirror and surveyed himself. One eye was closing, and the whole of one cheek was puffed and purple.

"Have you touched anything strange this evening?" asked Keith.

"No. A branch whipped into my face as we were going through the park—just before Uncle's accident. I say, it hurts like anything!"

"We'll ask the doctor to have a look at it when he comes," said Sir William. "You must have touched some poison plant."

The old family doctor came in hurriedly, and shook his head sympathetically as he was told of the double accident. He found that Sir William's leg was not broken, though a tendon had been strained. He made him comfortable for the night, and ordered a compress for Jerry's face, although he was puzzled as to what the poison was.

Jerry and Keith went off to their rooms intending to discuss the strange events of the evening before going to sleep, but the excitement of the past nights had been too much for them. Both were sound asleep at once. The last thing before going off Jerry took the pottery fragments from his coat pocket and slipped them under his pillow, hoping that they would not be the cause of any more alarms during the night.

It seemed to Jerry that he had scarcely got to sleep before he was awakened by a knocking at his door. It was Keith, and there was morning at the window.

"I think we ought to go out before breakfast and look over the place of the crime," said Keith. "The gardener may have destroyed all traces if we leave it too long."

Jerry agreed, and the two boys were soon out on the path along which they had walked with the others the night before.

"Here's the branch that struck you," cried Keith. "It's just a dead twig hanging over the path."

Jerry, who had been searching the undergrowth beside the path, went to inspect it. "That branch didn't die a natural death," remarked Keith, holding it out to him.

"No, you're right," cried Jerry. The branch in his hand was not dry and brown, the green leaves were curled and spotted with a sickly yellow. "Some chemical on them," he remarked, and both boys were startled to hear a drawling voice behind them.

"Good morning," said Professor Carrington, who stood there with the big Arab at his back. "I was just coming to inquire how your uncle does."

The boys stood looking at him for a moment without replying. The same thought had struck them both. The Professor had come to take away any traces of the accident. Carrington smiled and gestured to his servant behind him. The man held out four muddy objects.

"Your shoes, I believe," said the Professor with a malicious smile.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO TAKES A RIDE

THE summer evening was very warm, and Jacko thought he would spend a little of some pocket-money that great Uncle Timothy had given him on going for a ride on the top of a bus. He took Baby Jacko with him, and off they went.

Every time the bus stopped Jacko saw that the conductor started it off again by pressing a button which rang a bell near the driver. When they had got a good way Jacko said to Baby

stared at the scenery, while Jacko and Baby stared down the road behind.

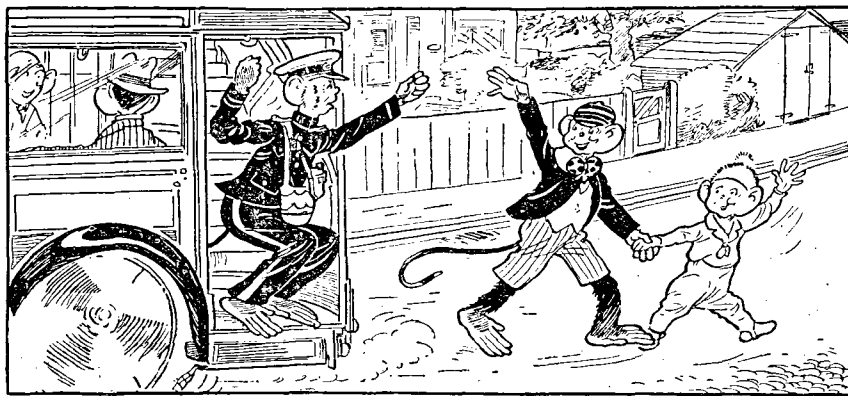
"Now stop it," said Baby Jacko.

"No fear," Jacko answered.

For they had both seen the conductor running wildly after them.

He looked very excited and hot, and was waving his arms and shouting "Stop! Stop!"

But no one heard him, or took any notice, and presently he was left out of sight, far behind.



"I hope you enjoyed your ride," shouted Jacko

Jacko, "Now you wait; we're going to have the spree of our young lives."

For the bus had stopped, and Jacko had seen the conductor get off; now he was in the road chatting to a friend. They were watching someone trying to stop a dog fight.

One or two people climbed up and sat down, and Jacko, who was sitting in the last seat, pressed the button.

"We're off!" whispered Jacko.

And sure enough they were! Down the road the bus rumbled; the driver hooted his horn, and the passengers

At the next village the bus stopped. A big car stopped too. And out popped the conductor!

"Now we're for it!" said Jacko.

"Who rang that bell?" shouted the conductor, as he ran up the steps and glared suspiciously round.

But it was time for them to get down, and down they jumped. "Bye-bye!" Jacko shouted from the road. "I hope you enjoyed your motor-ride."

But the bus had started off again, and the conductor could only stand there shaking his fist at that naughty Jacko.



## ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

THE holiday season is now at its height, and all round the coasts of Britain thousands of boys and girls are spending happy hours playing on the sands or exploring the little pools among the rocks. In the September issue of My Magazine, which is now on sale everywhere, there appears a splendidly illustrated article dealing with the Procession of Life By the Moving Waters. It tells of familiar creatures such as the crab and the jellyfish and of many others not so familiar yet just as interesting. Here are some of the other articles in this new issue:

*Italy Led By a Man*

*A Remarkable New Gallery in Westminster*

*The Wonderful Story of Wheat*

*The Cross of Gold*

*A Tree For All the English Born*

There are many other articles, besides stories, poems, puzzles, and numerous pictures. Make sure of your copy of My Magazine by buying it now.

## MY MAGAZINE

September issue now on sale - - One Shilling

## Special Exhibition Number!

"This week's POPULAR WIRELESS is a Special Exhibition Number, giving full particulars of the most important exhibits at the Wireless Exhibition at Olympia. Get your copy today, and keep abreast with the newest and latest developments in the Radio World."

Buy Your Copy  
Today!

## POPULAR WIRELESS

Now on Sale 3d.

## Delicious Fruit Pudding.

A fresh fruit pudding made with 'Atora' appeals to every member of the family. More appetising and satisfying than stewed fruit, richer and more juicy than a pie, it has a charm all its own. The tender suet crust retains and absorbs the exquisite flavour of the fruit in a way that is not possible by any other method of cooking.

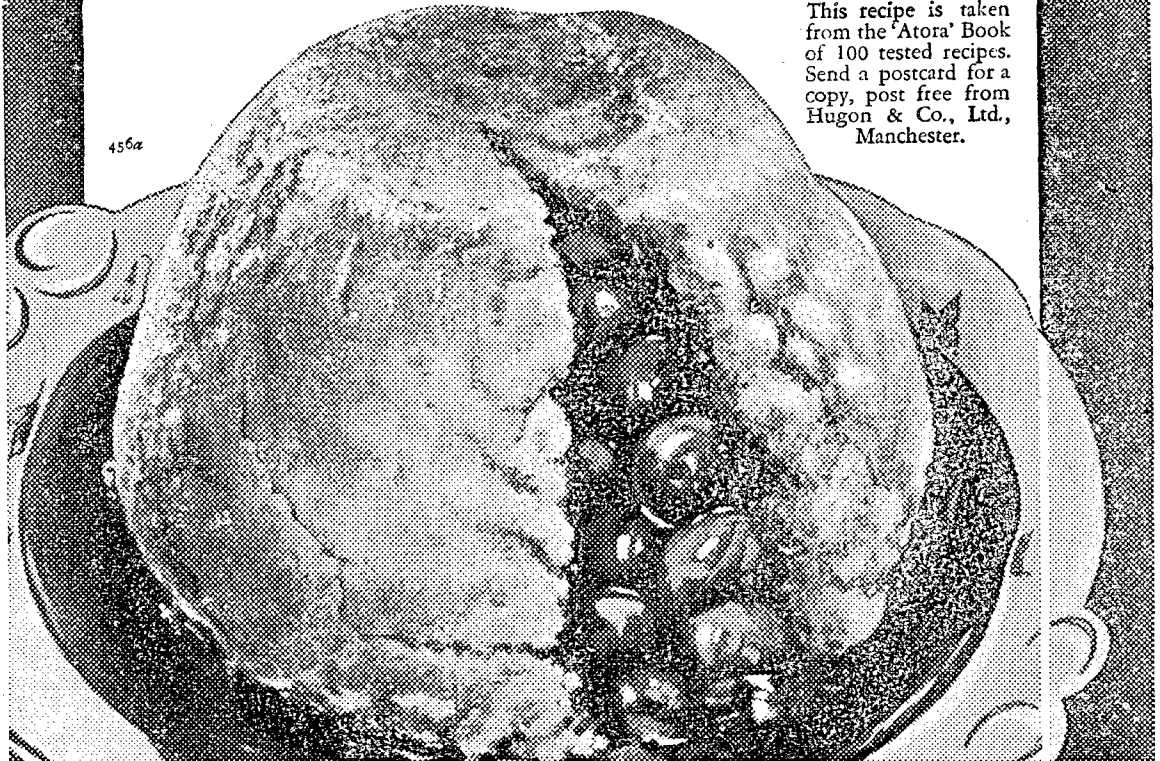
### RECIPE

8 ozs. Flour. 4 ozs. Shredded 'ATORA'.  
1 teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.  
Mix the flour, baking powder and salt well together, add the Shredded 'Atora,' and mix, do not rub in. Add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or low gas jet.

With 'Atora' the pudding is no trouble to prepare. Just pour the suet, ready shredded, from the packet into the flour and mix—that's all.

## Hugon's 'ATORA' The Good BEEF SUET

This recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.



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All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

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## TRIANGULAR LITHUANIA & FAR EAST PACKET FREE!

The countries and stamps in this fine packet have been carefully selected. For example, you will find Alouities, portrait of King Carol, Syria (Hama), an old Egypt, a large Biplane stamp, Latakia, an unused Persian stamp, Japan, many overprinted varieties, and also the new issue (July 15th) three-cornered Air stamp from Lithuania. All Free. Send 2d. for postage, request approvals and we enclose a further grand packet of 50 different stamps.

**LISBURN & TOWNSEND (C.N.), LIVERPOOL.**

## FREE. 25 dif. Jugo-Slavia!

Including handsome "Chain-breakers," long set of Prince Alexander with high values, King Peter set high values, set of King Alexander 1924, etc. All fine large stamps that will make a lovely page in your album. I will send this unique collection (cat. 3/6) absolutely free to all Stamp Collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 6d. p.o.). Only one to each applicant.  
**G.P.KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.**

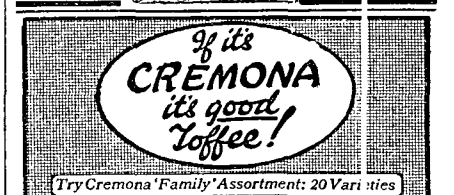
## 16,000 East End Children

will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the country, this summer. Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give 12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour to children of poverty from slum homes of East London's Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to—**THE SUPERINTENDENT, EAST END MISSION**  
Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

**KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES,** 1 lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4; Colours from 2/11 lb. post free. **PURE WOOL SERGES** from 2/8 yd. Tweeds, Tailoring, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure. Blankets, Rugs, etc.

ABOUT 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

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The Paper for the Boy of Today!

## MODERN BOY

Every Monday - - 2d.

## CUT THIS OUT

**CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.**  
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 1d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever self-filling **FLEET S.T. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad). Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model 2/- extra.





The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 27, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### Just Simple Arithmetic

ARRANGE the digits 1 to 5 inclusive so that, with the aid of simple arithmetical signs, they make 10. Some readers will no doubt be able to find more than one solution.

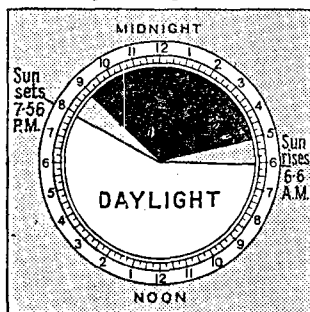
Answer next week

### A Little Trick

GET three pennies, counters, or even scraps of paper, and take two in your right hand and one in your left. Hold the fists clenched and say that without opening the hands you will change the positions of the coins so that two will be on your left side and one on your right.

Most people will think this is impossible, but all you have to do is to cross your arms. In this way you change the positions of the pennies as you said you would do.

### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets shorter each day.

### Head and Tail

I AM fat and well-favoured when made up complete, Curtail, and you'll find me quite wholesome to eat; Restore me my tail, and in lieu take my head, Like feathers I'm light, or as heavy as lead. Answer next week

### Miss Nolittle's Salary

"I WILL engage you as my typist for a period of three years," said Mr. Allcash. "The salary will be £100 a year, with an increase of £20 each year, or of £5 every half-year, whichever you prefer."

"I should prefer the £20 a year, sir," replied Miss Nolittle without hesitation.

"Just as you wish," said Mr. Allcash. Home rushed the newly-engaged typist in delight.

"And to think of him asking me such a question!" she said to her mother. "Why, everyone would take the £20 a year. It's

twice as much as £5 every half-year."

"Is it?" inquired her mother. "Of course!" She picked up her pencil and began scribbling. Then her face fell, for to her great astonishment the figures read:

Accepted	Refused
1st year £100	1st half-year £50
2nd year £120	2nd half-year £55
3rd year £140	3rd half-year £60
	4th half-year £65
	5th half-year £70
	6th half-year £75

£375

### Ici On Parle Français



Leur pré était entouré de cloches. La racine d'iris donne un parfum. Les binettes servent à désherber.

### An Impossible Sum

ASK a friend if he can take one from six and leave twenty. The solution is to write the word SCORED on a slip of paper and then tear off the last of the six letters, thus leaving a SCORE, or twenty.

### The School Fees

MR BROWN had to pay school fees for his three sons. He took out his wallet and counted the notes in it. Half of it would be spent on Tom's college fees, two-thirds of what remained would go to young Dick's day-school, and three-quarters of the rest would be claimed for little Harry's kindergarten. He would be spending £20 on Tom and Harry together.

How much money was there in the wallet? Answer next week

**Other Worlds Next Week**  
In the morning the planets Venus and Mars are in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Sunday, August 28.



**Those Who Come & Those Who Go**  
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to July 30, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1932	DEATHS 1932	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1931
London	5421	5740	3228	3046
Glasgow	4713	4733	942	922
Manchester	1004	1048	564	600
Belfast	749	810	357	342
Edinburgh	521	570	366	358
Portsmouth	323	328	178	154
Plymouth	263	289	141	160
Swansea	219	202	102	97
Halifax	121	120	95	82
Ipswich	104	130	65	66
Northampton	97	104	50	54
Bath	73	72	52	48

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Two Water Tanks. 6 x 7 x 8 feet, and 7 x 8 x 9 feet.

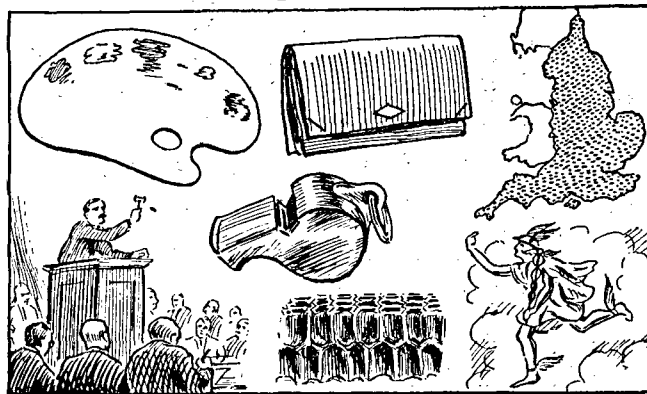
**Pictorial Acrostic**  
Trench  
Apple  
India  
L i D

**The Amateur Cook**  
Sugar  
A Charade  
Sea-sons

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

POD GLASSES DOE  
OMEN ASTIR BIND  
E WEEDS PSALM I  
TD WRY TEMU AT  
ROUSE AHA PEACE  
YES BRAILLE ROD  
REBUS N DREAR  
US YSER USER NA

### A Diagonal Acrostic



THESE pictures represent seven words of seven letters each. Write them one under another so that the diagonal letters reading down from left to right spell the name of something that is very useful at holiday-time. Answer next week

## Dr MERRYMAN

### On the Quiet

SNIP: Do you and your boss ever have any difference of opinion?

Snap: Yes, frequently; but he doesn't know it.

### Compliments

THEY came into violent contact with each other at the corner of the street.

"Oh!" yelled Binks, "how you made my head ring."

"That's a sign that it's empty," angrily replied Jinks.

"Didn't yours ring?" queried Binks.

"Not at all."

"Then that's a sign that it's cracked."

### Blaming the Soap



Oh, take away the soap, Mamma! It's really plain to see It's soap that makes the water just As dirty as can be.

### Thoughtful

LANDLADY: I see your cup of tea on a chair, Mr. Boarder. A peculiar place to put it! Mr. Boarder: Not at all. It's so weak I put it there to rest.

### Talking to Himself

SMITH: Have you noticed that old Jolliboy has the habit of talking to himself? Jones: Yes; and so has young Boreleigh, but he doesn't realise it. He thinks we are listening.

### Sarcastic

It came on to rain suddenly, so young Mr. Snobbe jumped on a bus.

"This is the first time for more than two years that I have ridden on a bus," he said when the conductor came. "Usually I ride in my car."

"Ah!" said the conductor as he handed over the ticket. "You don't know how we have missed you!"

**"Good! It's Mason's! and Teetotal Too!"**



Kindly fill up and post this coupon NOW for a

**TRIAL SAMPLE**  
OF

**MASON'S**  
**Extract of Herbs**  
and make ONE GALLON  
OF THE FINEST BEVERAGE  
IN THE WORLD  
(non-intoxicating).

### COUPON

NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM. — Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast for making one gallon of the finest beverage in the world. 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each sample.

Name.....  
Address.....  
(in Block Letters).....  
C.N.

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It is the multiplicity of small donations that means so much in the furtherance of our work for the little people. There must be no delay in the treatment of the tiny tots if they are to have a fair chance. It is by treating the trouble at the beginning that so much suffering is avoided in later years.

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## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

LIONEL and Mat were camping with their father and mother, and they thought it was great fun. They loved having their meals out-of-doors and fetching sticks from the woods and rowing across to the farm for milk.

Then they heard that their Uncle Tom was bringing Cousin Lucy to Mrs. West's farm close by for their holiday.

"She's only a girl even if she is bigger than me," said Lionel. "She's sure to be afraid of cows and the river and spoil everything."

That day their parents went out for the afternoon, and as Lucy was to arrive that afternoon the boys begged to be allowed to stay with the caravan instead of going across to the farm.

And so they did; but very soon it began to rain, and Lionel and Mat had to run for shelter. As soon as they



It was Lucy

were inside the caravan the storm broke, and loud peals of thunder crashed.

"I don't like thunder," said Mat, getting close to his brother.

Lionel didn't like it either, and when it grew nearer still and louder, and the lightning flashed through the window, both the boys were thoroughly frightened.

"I wish we'd gone to the farm," said Lionel.

"I wish Mummy and Daddy would come," added Mat tearfully.

At that moment there was a rap on the door.

"Here they are!" cried Mat. But when the door opened there was a little girl in a streaming mackintosh. It was Lucy.

"I've brought the boat across for you," she said. "Mrs. West thought you ought to come indoors."

The three cousins raced through the soaking grass to

## THE THUNDERSTORM

the river where Lucy had tied the boat up.

"Isn't this an adventure!" she cried as they scrambled in.

"Weren't you afraid of coming out alone in the thunderstorm?" asked Mat. Lucy laughed.

"Oh no, I don't mind thunder. Mrs. West was fearfully worried about you two out here alone; but Mr. West was at market and Daddy can't row—but I've learned at school, so you see there was nobody else left!"

"What fun!" said Lionel.

"Yes," panted Mat, taking Lucy's hand as they ran for the farm; "and we thought a girl would be afraid of everything."

"But we don't think so now," added Lionel.